The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* March *will be noticed in the* April *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th April *in the* May *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

In presenting our readers with a unique collection of Ruskin pictures, we must tender our grateful thanks for much help and kind suggestion to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn, who have allowed us to reproduce a number of most interesting portraits; to Mrs. W. H. Churchill for the photograph of Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan; to Miss Acland for her photograph of Ruskin at Brantwood; to Professor Herkomer for his portrait of Ruskin; to Mr. George Allen, who has very kindly allowed us to use a number of his blocks, and has supplied us with the most interesting drawing by Ruskin reproduced on another page; to Messrs. Methuen and Company for the use of a number of blocks from Mr. Collingwood's "Life of Ruskin"; and to Mr. M. H. Spielmann, whose newly published sketch of Ruskin, from which we have quoted largely, gives a delightful picture of Ruskin, and would serve as an admirable introduction to the study of his books.

There are to be two more books from the pen of the late Mr. Steevens during the present year. One will contain his special *Daily Mail* articles on London, Paris, and Berlin. The original scheme was to have a book on London only, but Mr. Steevens' untimely death has rendered this impossible, and the volumes will now contain the further articles on Paris and Berlin.

In the autumn Mr. Henley is to edit, and to write a preface for a special collection from Mr. Steevens' purely literary work; his *National Observer* and *Spectator* articles furnishing the backbone of the book. It is also possible that a uniform edition of Mr. Steevens' works, with a preface by Mr. Henley, will be published during the year.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn, who has edited Mr. G. W. Steevens' letters from South Africa, is also editing the book which is to appear in May, dealing with travels in London, Paris, and Germany.

Mrs. G. W. Steevens has been granted an allowance of £500 a year by Messrs. Harmsworth.

Mr. E. V. Lucas has returned from his holiday abroad, but he has not resumed his former position on the *Academy* staff. He continues, however, to contribute to Mr. Hind's paper.

The book of stories which Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne is arranging for the benefit of the war fund is in shape, and most of the leading novelists of the day have offered contributions.

Mr. Barry Pain is removing from Pinner, where he has lived for some years, to Bushey. He has been working lately at Herne Bay, where at this period of the year absolute quiet can be counted upon.

One of the ablest and most accomplished of London journalists has been lost to us by the death of Mr. H. D. Traill, the editor of *Literature*. Mr. Traill came of an old Caithness family, and his father was some time stipendiary magistrate of the Greenwich and Woolwich Police Court. Henry Duff Traill was born at Blackheath in 1842, went to Oxford, and took the degree of D.C.L. He was a barrister, but very soon took to journalism. He was associated with Mr. Frederick Greenwood on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and when that eminent journalist was "smoked by intolerable reek" from his ancient quarters, he took Mr. Traill to help him in founding the *St. James's Gazette*. This association did not last long. Mr. Traill joined the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, which was then abandoning "the rich pomatum style" which used to be so popular. He was connected with the *Telegraph* to the end, though our impression is that his contributions became less frequent. For a short time he was editor of the *Observer*, and much of his best work appeared in the *Saturday Review* in the form of verses on topics of the day. These were sometimes extraordinarily good, although justice will never be done to them. They had to be read at the time they were printed. The *Saturday Review* had then begun to decline, and Mr. Traill's verses kept many subscribers faithful. Afterwards Mr. Traill was appointed the first editor of *Literature*, which, as is well known, was issued by the *Times*.

Mr. Traill was an author of considerable rank as well as a journalist. Some of his productions belong to the order of respectable bookmaking, but his volume, "The New Lucian," which has just been published in a new edition with fresh matter, showed how brilliant his gifts were, and his contributions to Mr. John Morley's excellent series, English Men of Letters, were not unworthy of their place, though by no means equal to the best of their companions. His little volume of verses entitled "Recaptured Rhymes," and published by Messrs. Blackwood, gives a greater impression of power than anything else he ever wrote. It was followed by "Saturday Songs." The *Times* tells us of a little pamphlet hitherto unknown to us, entitled "The Canaanitish Press and the Israelitish Question," which was published anonymously. "This was a journalistic rendering in the form of extracts from the Canaanitish newspapers of the story of the Exodus, and the parodies were so close and brilliant that it was difficult to say whether the writer had best caught the note of the *Times*, the *Standard*,

the *Daily Telegraph*, the original *Pall Mall*, or the *Spectator* in the palmy and omniscient days of the late R. H. Hutton. As a journalistic *jeu d'esprit* it was unique of its kind, and perhaps displayed the author's gifts of satire, irony, and parody at their very best."

It may perhaps be said that Mr. Traill was not at his best as an editor. He had admirable qualities, great magnanimity, a high sense of honour, and a quick appreciation of merit. But he had very little gift of selection and arrangement, and he was emphatically a journalist of the old school, disliking the methods of the new, using them only when compelled to do so, and then awkwardly. His great fault as a writer was his inequality. He could be extraordinarily brilliant and extraordinarily dull. Many of the articles which appeared under his name, and we are thinking specially of a series he contributed to the *English Illustrated Magazine*, were almost incredibly poor. In this way he scarcely got justice. Many readers who knew nothing of his books judged him from his worst work, and we remember hearing one of the most brilliant among living men of letters characterising Mr. Traill as "the dullest man in London." He was anything but that. At his very best there were few to compare with him. He had to share the journalist's lot. Much of his influence was never traced to him, much of it was ephemeral. Nevertheless he had a happy and successful life. He secured the warm esteem of all who worked with him, and some things he has written will not altogether pass out of sight and memory.

Mr. George Gissing has finished a small book dealing with his travels in Italy. The work will appear serially in one of the monthly reviews before its publication in volume form. Mr. Gissing is at work on a new novel, but it is not likely to see the light this year.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan kindly sends us a letter written by the late Mr. W. E. Tirebuck on the death of his sister, which took place in the end of 1898. Mr. Tirebuck writes: "She was more closely associated than anyone with one's beginnings. She went through the stages of working and waiting, waiting and working, and never lost faith. Thank God I was able to reward her with a share of the returns, that Vagabond Dinner when we first met you being our highest record of festive pleasure together. I mention this to let you feel what I feel now that I look back to it. It was to her that I dedicated 'Sweetheart Gwen'—'To my Sister Margaret, the Critic on the Hearth.' Though, truly, what book have I written that has not been dedicated to her before it saw the greater light of type? She also had written a little—strange to say, for an American journal of thought and culture, the Boston *Index*; and some day I hope to publish a story she left almost ready for the press. I am induced to go into this detail because you met her that night so eventful to her. Until now we have never lived apart; but no, even yet we live together!"

We understand that Mrs. L. T. Meade has left London for a trip to the East, and that she has left several children's books completed for next season. This tour is not entirely for pleasure, but has something to do, it is understood, with the fulfilment of a literary commission.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts' new novel is to be a Dartmoor romance, and is to be called "Out of the West." Mr. Phillpotts has been engaged to write the novel for the next "Arrowsmith Annual."

Miss Gertrude Dix, the author of the very clever volume in the Key-note Series, "The Girl from the Farm," has finished a new novel, "The Image Breakers," which will be issued by Mr. William Heinemann in the autumn.

The annual invasion of London by the American publisher has already begun. Mr. Dominick, of the Stokes Company, has just returned to New York after a brief stay in this country, and Mr. George P. Brett, of the Macmillan Company, and Frank H. Dodd, of Dodd, Mead and Company, are expected in a few days.

The Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's new book is entitled "Edward Blake, College Student." It is a study of a religious and moral-minded man who was not a Christian, and shows the tendency to self-righteousness to which he was exposed. Incidentally it deals with the drink question and the evil influence of the theatre.

Mr. Jacobs's first long book, "A Master of Craft," which is drawing to a close in the *Strand Magazine*, will be published in book form in the early autumn of this year.

Mr. Marriott Watson's novel, "The Rebel," is to be published some time this month. A new serial from his pen is to begin in the *Graphic* this spring.

Mr. Louis Beck has finished another stirring story of adventure, which will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Mr. Unwin, by the way, is also the publisher of a new novel by the author of "The Rhymer." Its title is "Black Mary," and it is a most promising book.

Lucas Malet (Mrs. Harrison) is to publish two books during the present year. One is a short novel about the length of "The Carissima," and the other a long and ambitious work, which will be produced in the autumn. Messrs. Methuen publish both books in England, and Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. in America.

It is understood that Mr. Alfred Harmsworth has made an offer to Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill to join the staff of the *Daily Mail*. Mr. Churchill, of course, would seek to take the late Mr. Steevens's place upon that journal. It is not yet known whether Mr. Harmsworth's offer has been accepted.

Messrs. Cassell and Co.'s penny religious paper, *Sunday Chimes*, is in future to be edited by Mr. F. Holderness Gale. Mr. Gale understands the religious public very well, especially the Free Church public, and *Sunday Chimes* should enjoy much prosperity under his rule.

Messrs. Warne will issue in a few days a cheap paper cover edition of the Rev. J. Marshall Mather's very successful life of Ruskin.

Mr. Stephen Phillips' play, "Paola and Francesca," has proved remarkably successful. It is now in its eighth thousand.

Mr. Pearson's new daily paper is to have for special correspondent at the Cape, Mr. B. Fletcher Robinson, the well-known athlete and football player, and the writer of many most excellent descriptive articles in the various magazines. Mr. Robinson has recently completed an

excellent work upon our famous regiments, and this augurs well for the business he has to do for the *Daily Express*. He is taking three other correspondents out with him.

Towards the end of this month Mr. John Long will publish a volume of Mr. Edgar Turner's stories and sketches under the title, "The Girl with Feet of Clay." The greater part of the book consists of literary skits and parodies, the authors dealt with including Anthony Hope, Hall Caine, Crockett, Le Gallienne, and Andrew Lang. Some of these sketches have already appeared in *Black and White*, the *Sketch*, and other papers.

FRIBOURG, BY JOHN RUSKIN, ÆT. 16.

The above beautiful example of Ruskin's early manner is here reproduced by kind permission of Mr. George Allen. It was drawn in 1835 on Ruskin's second journey to Switzerland. The signature on the left is that of John Ruskin's father.

AN EDITION OF SPINOZA.

A short time ago a bookseller offered me what he said was a first edition of Spinoza's "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus," 1674. I saw that he was mistaken, for the first edition was published in 1670, but I asked him to send me the volume. The error was natural, for there was no number of any edition on the title-page, which ran thus: "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus, cui adjunctus est Philosophia S. Scripturæ Interpres. Ab Authore longé Emendatior. Anno Dom. 1674." The "Philosophia S. Scripturæ Interpres" has no author's name. It is usually printed as the work of "Daniel Heinsius," a pseudonym for L. Meyer, the editor of Spinoza's "Opera Posthuma." Turning to Van Der Linde's "Bibliografie," I found my edition. Its history and that of other issues of the "Tractatus" are curious. This celebrated treatise, as already said, was first published in 1670. It was soon denounced as dangerous. In 1671 the Dutch synods presented to the States-General a formal indictment of it and also of the "Interpres," together with Hobbes' "Leviathan" and that "Bibliotheca [illegible] m Polonorum" which it will be remembered young Hazlitt found in his father's library at Wem. In 1674 the "Tractatus," "Leviathan," and "Interpres" were suppressed by the Government. But before 1674 the anxiety to obtain the "Tractatus" and the difficulty of circulating it must have been great, for up to the date of suppression it had appeared in seven forms disguised in the oddest fashion. It is accurately described on the title-page of 1670, but the imprint is "Hamburgi, apud Henricum Künrath." In reality it was printed at Amsterdam by Christopher Conrad. In 1673 it professes itself to be the "Opera omnia Chirurgica" (!) of Franciscus Henriquez de Villacorta, physician to Philip IV. and Charles II., and what is more amazing, it boldly declares that it sees the light "sub auspiciis Potentissimi Hispp. Regis Caroli II." There were four other editions in 1673, or more correctly, four reissues, with differing title-pages, of the "Opera Chirurgica." The first and second are masked as "Danielis Heinsii operum historicorum collectio," the third and fourth as "Totius Medicinæ idea nova, seu Francisci de la Boe Sylvii Medici inter Batavos celeberrimi Opera Omnia. Novas potissimum super morborum causis, symptomatis et curandi ratione meditationes et disputationes continentia." In 1674 the edition of which I bought a copy was published, three years before Spinoza's death.

W. H. W.

THE WAR AND THE BOOK TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

JANUARY 22ND TO FEBRUARY 20TH.

The War still continues to affect sales, and during the past month, more especially since the opening of Parliament, books bearing upon the Transvaal have formed the material for the bulk of the trade transacted. Fitzpatrick's "The Transvaal from Within" is still in the forefront, and has as firm a hold as ever upon the public. The little shilling work, entitled "Aids to Scouting," written by the hero of Mafeking, Colonel Baden-Powell, has sold in thousands, whilst "Natives under the Transvaal Flag," by the Rev. J. H. Bovill, announced in the columns of your last issue, has proved a distinct success. War maps and illustrated periodicals are still eagerly sought after, and Lives of Lord Roberts, Sir Redvers Buller, and Mr. Kruger have been in constant demand.

Several small brochures have also appeared, fashioned upon the model of "The Fight at Dame Europa's School," but it is very doubtful if any of them will attain to the gigantic success of the popular original.

The Memoir of H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck, by C. Kinloch Cooke, has been much in favour.

February is essentially the educational month of the year, but although there is no very great cause for complaint, there has been a very sensible diminution in the sales of this class of literature. Amongst elementary scholastic publications Meiklejohn's Geographies and Histories well maintain their position.

Two important additions have appeared in the 6s. novel class—"Savrola," by Winston Spencer Churchill, and "Féo," by Max Pemberton. They have been well received, and there is every indication that they will continue to be in great demand. "Red Pottage," "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," and "David Harum" have quite maintained their popularity.

Appended is the usual list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

"The Transvaal from Within. By J. P. Fitzpatrick. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)
South Africa of To-day. By Capt. F. Younghusband. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Sidelights on South Africa. By R. Devereux. 6s. (Low.)
Impressions of South Africa. By J. Bryce. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Natives under the Transvaal Flag. By Rev. J. H. Bovill. 3s. 6d. (Simpkin.)
Roberts (Lord): Life. By Walter Jerrold. 2s. 6d. net. (Partridge.)
Buller (Sir R.): Life. By Walter Jerrold. 2s. 6d. net. (Partridge.)
Kruger (Paul): Life. By F. Mackenzie. 1s. (Bowden.)
How England Saved Europe. By W. H. Fitchett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Red Pottage. By M. Cholmondeley. 6s. (E. Arnold.)
Féo. A Romance. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Savrola. By Winston Spencer Churchill. 6s. (Longmans.)
Teck (Duchess): Life. By C. Kinloch Cooke. 2 vols. 32s. (J. Murray.)
Parson Kelly. By A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang. 6s. (Longmans.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. 6s. (Pearson.)
City Temple Pulpit. Sermons by Dr. Parker. Vol. 2. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Via Crucis. By Marion Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Jess. By Rider Haggard. 3s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending

Jan. 20—Slight improvement still maintained in home departments. Foreign and colonial quiet.
Jan. 27—Trade fairly brisk in educational books. Colonial and foreign moderate.
Feb. 3—Fairly good in educational books, but hardly equal to past seasons.
" 10—Somewhat quieter, although a steady sale in fiction. Colonial better.
" 17—Very slack in all departments.

(2) SCOTLAND.

JANUARY 20TH TO FEBRUARY 20TH, 1900.

The most prominent feature of the month's business was unquestionably the demand for books, maps, and illustrated works of all kinds connected with military matters and the present war. The supply of such publications was very large and the interest in them so general that everything else had to give way. The popularity of such works as "How England saved Europe," by Fitchett, and "Modern Weapons and Modern War," by Bloch, revealed markedly the war spirit prevalent. A little work on "The Transvaal Question," by Professor Neville, of Geneva, claimed some attention as written from a foreign point of view, and as we write orders are being freely taken for Steevens' last work "From Capetown to Ladysmith," and Fitzpatrick's "Transvaal from Within," a cheap edition of which is to be issued shortly.

The passing away of the great evangelist, Mr. D. L. Moody, brought a demand in religious circles for editions of his "Life" and "Addresses," and many cheap editions of these appeared. Not many new six-shillling novels were published during the month. The most important of these were "Féo," by Max Pemberton, "The Heart of a Dancer," by Percy White, "Parson Kelly," by Mason and Lang, and the "Waters of Edera," by Ouida.

Miss Masson's "The Transgressors" continued to go freely in Scotland, and in the "Famous Scots" "Sir David Wilkie" was the volume issued, and made a valuable addition to the "Series."

The new three-shilling-and-sixpenny edition of Edna Lyall's novels took well, and various volumes in the "Victorian Era Series," published by Messrs. Blackie, were popular at half-a-crown.

As reported last month the magazine trade was seriously affected by the war literature, and the very inclement weather experienced all over Scotland told adversely on the volume of trade done. The following is our list of best selling books:—

Red Pottage. By M. Cholmondeley. 6s. (Arnold.)
Féo. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Hodder.)
Heart of a Dancer. By Percy White. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Transgressors. By Rosaline Masson. 6s. (Hodder.)
Parson Kelly. By A. E. Mason and A. Lang. 6s. (Longmans.)
Savrola. By Winston Churchill. 6s. (Longmans.)
Abbe Mouret's Transgression. By Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Edna Lyall's Novels at 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)
A Torn-Out Page. By Dora Russell. 6s. (Digby.)
Story of an African Farm. By O. Schreiner. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
Waters of Edera. By Ouida. 6s. (Unwin.)
In Old New York. By Barrett. 6s. (Macqueen.)
Folly Corner. By Mrs. Dudeney. 6s. (Heinemann.)
David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. 6s. (Pearson.)
How England Saved Europe. By Fitchett. 2 vols. 6s. each. (Smith, Elder.)
The Transvaal from Within. By J. P. Fitzpatrick. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)
Modern Weapons and Modern War. By Bloch. 6s. (Richards.)
Things I have Seen in War. By J. Montague. 6s. (Chatto.)
John Ruskin. By M. H. Spielman. 5s. (Cassell.)
Lorna Doone. By R. D. Blackmore. 2s. 6d. (Low.)
D. L. Moody's Life and Addresses, at various prices. (S.S. Union, and Morgan & Scott.)

THE READER.

RUSKINIANA.

INSTEAD of attempting a biography of Mr. Ruskin or an estimate of his genius, we have endeavoured to put together some interesting contributions to the knowledge of his life and work. These are, as far as possible, fresh, and have not appeared in the many excellent obituaries recently published.

I.—A First Meeting with John Ruskin.

In his "forewords" to a privately printed book, Dr. Furnivall thus describes his first meeting with Mr. Ruskin (*circa* 1854):—

"I saw the door open, and John Ruskin walkt softly in. I sprang up to take the outstrecht hand, and then and there began a friendship which for many years was the chief joy of my life. Ruskin was a tall, slight fellow, whose piercing frank blue eye lookt through you and drew you to him. A fair man, with rough light hair and reddish whiskers, in a dark blue frock coat with velvet collar, bright Oxford blue stock, black trousers and patent slippers—how vivid he is to me still! The only blemish in his face was the lower lip, which protruded somewhat: he had been bitten there by a dog in his early youth. But you ceast to notice this as soon as he began to talk. I never met any man whose charm of manner at all approacht Ruskin's. Partly feminine it was, no doubt; but the delicacy, the sympathy, the gentleness and affectionateness of his way, the fresh and penetrating things he said, the boyish fun, the earnestness, the interest he showed in all deep matters, combined to make a whole which I have never seen equalld. Association with Ruskin was a continual delight."

JOHN RUSKIN, 1822.

From the oil-painting by James Northcote, R.A. Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Arthur Severn. "The portrait in question represents a very pretty child with yellow hair, dressed in a white frock like a girl, with a broad light blue sash and blue shoes to match; the feet of the child wholesomely large in proportion to its body, and the shoes still more wholesomely large in proportion to the feet. These articles of my daily dress were all sent to the old painter for perfect realization; but they appear in the picture more remarkable than they were in my nursery, because I am represented as running in a field at the edge of a wood, with the trunks of its trees stripped across in the manner of Sir Joshua Reynolds; while two rounded hills, as blue as my shoes, appear in the distance, which were put in by the painter at my own request. . . . That when old Mr. Northcote asked me (little thinking, I fancy, to get any answer so explicit) what I would like to have in the distance of my picture, I should have said 'blue hills' instead of 'gooseberry bushes' appears to me—and I think without morbid tendency to think overmuch of myself—a fact sufficiently curious, and not without promise in a child of that age." —*Praeterita.*

II.—Mr. Ruskin's Father and his Son's Work.

Mr. John James Ruskin, the father of John Ruskin, took great interest in the criticisms of his celebrated son's work, and while he was abroad used to have the Reviews forwarded to him. We give below a few extracts from his letters, written from Switzerland in 1856, to the literary adviser of his son's publishers. These will serve to show the storm of opposition which Mr. Ruskin's writings provoked at the time.

"I see that you consider my son may now number his foes—*Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, *Blackwood*, *Athenæum*—with smaller fry, *Art Journal* and *Illustrated News*. I hope the remaining journals may neutralise the effects of these. If we put praise and abuse together, I know no writer of the day more frequently mentioned, a proof he obtains more than usual attention."

"A learned gentleman was lately saying at the Dean of Christ Church's table that Ruskin was terribly cut up in *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*. The Dean quietly replied the *Edinburgh* article was not worth naming, and the *Quarterly* one, no man with a heart in his body could have written. I am most surprised at *Court Journal* apparently getting its critiques written at the 'Goose and Gridiron' under the influence of the fourth pot of double stout, when they certainly may be told they do not see clearly, not even to spell."

"I wonder, all things considered, at the influence of these Quarterly and other Reviews. They are mere advertisements or battlefields—Macaulay *v.* Croker, and Croker *v.* Macaulay. My son values the small mention of his name by the foreigner Montalembert more than all the approvals in the Reviews. He has set to work for his 5th Volume, although most of the day is passed among the hills. His guide says he goes over the Alps like a Chamois. The tide of adverse criticism does not overwhelm him; on the contrary, he says he will make *Modern Painters* a profitable book for you."

III.—MR. RUSKIN ON HIS REPUTATION.

The following is from a letter addressed to Dr. Furnivall in 1854:—

"You need not think it *great* in me to risk my reputation,

JOHN JAMES RUSKIN, FATHER OF JOHN RUSKIN.

Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Company from "The Life and Work of John Ruskin," by W. G. Collingwood.

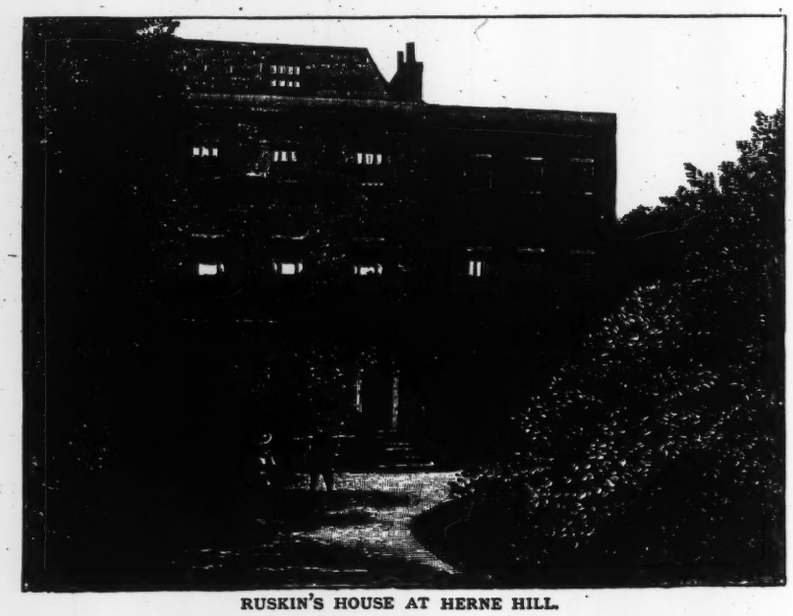
such as it is, for young men. I don't risk my reputation at all. If I don't know what is good and right, my reputation will not stand for ten years. If I do, I shall increase my reputation by defending the right in another's instance, and of another kind. But the fact is that I do not care at all for reputation in the matter. I *must* speak if I see people thinking what I know is wrong, and if there is any chance of my being listened to. I don't say I wouldn't care for reputation if I had it, but until people are ready to receive all I say about art as 'unquestionable,' just as they receive what Faraday tells them about chemistry, I don't consider myself to have any reputation at all worth caring about. I see I can do some good, when people are already partly of my mind. But I have no authority yet, such as I want to have, or such as that I feel I deserve to have. I shall get it, but, I fear, too late to do much good with it."

IV.—REPRINTS OF "THE NATURE OF GOTHIC."

Both Dr. Furnivall and William Morris greatly admired Mr. Ruskin's chapter in the second volume of *The Stones of Venice* entitled *The Nature of Gothic;* and they each reprinted it, but in totally different styles. Dr. Furnivall gave his edition the form of a pamphlet, some without wrappers at fourpence, and some with a paper cover at sixpence; but the most of them seem to have been given away to workmen for nothing. In a private letter Dr. Furnivall gives an interesting account of the publication of his pamphlet, from which we extract the following:—"When we started our Working Men's College in 1854, I felt that we ought to introduce ourselves to the working men whose goodwill we sought, by some writing which would show that we had genuine sympathy with them. I could find nothing suitable in F. D. Maurice's books, but Ruskin's eloquent and noble words about workmen and art in his chapter on Gothic Architecture struck me as the very thing. I accordingly got leave from him, as he'd kindly volunteered to look after our Art Classes, to reprint this noble chapter; and on our opening night in St. Martin's Hall three friends and I took sections of the Hall, and gave every one who came in a copy of Ruskin's tract. Many of our men afterwards told me how toucht they had been by Ruskin's eloquent appreciation of their class." This little book is now very scarce, and is much sought after by collectors.

Dr. Furnivall had printed his edition in a cheap form for the working man. William Morris, in an equally characteristic manner, produced his as a "Kelmscott" book in all the luxury of his "Golden" type on English handmade paper, at thirty shillings. We may perhaps be allowed to quote first few words of the appreciative remarks with which Mr. Morris prefaced his reprint in 1892:—

"The Chapter which is here put before the reader can be well considered as a separate piece of work, although it contains here and there references to what has gone before in *The Stones of Venice.* To my mind, and I believe to some others, it is one of the most important things written



RUSKIN'S HOUSE AT HERNE HILL.

Ruskin was born on the 8th of February, 1819, in the heart of London, 54, Hunter Street, Brunswick Square; but in 1823 the Ruskins quitted the city for a house on Herne Hill; "low, and yet commanding green fields and trees and scattered houses in the foreground, with rich undulating country to the south, and looking across London toward Windsor and Harrow. It is all built up now; but their house (the present No. 28) must have been as secluded as any in a country village—the suburbs *were,* of course, once country villages—and as pleasant in its old-fashioned comfort. There are ample gardens front and rear, well stocked with fruit and flowers; quite an Eden for a little boy, and all the more that the fruit of it was forbidden. It was here that all his years of youth were spent. Here, under his parents' roof, he wrote his earlier works, as far as Vol. I. of 'Modern Painters.' To the next-door house, as his own separate home, he returned for a period of his middle life. And the old place was some years back handed over to his adopted daughter."—*The Life and Work of John Ruskin,* by W. G. Collingwood.

by the author, and in future days will be considered as one of the very few necessary and inevitable utterances of the century."

We need not quote more, as Mr. George Allen has recently issued a cheap edition of the Chapter, including William Morris's Preface.

V.—MR. RUSKIN'S ADDRESSES TO WORKING MEN.

Besides taking the Art Class at the Working Men's College, Mr. Ruskin used occasionally to deliver lectures and conversational addresses to the men. The impression produced upon his audience is graphically described, by one who was often present, in the following extract from a private letter: —

"In most cases Mr. Ruskin announced no particular subject when he gave these informal talks, for such they were. It was his way to speak to the men of anything that occurred to him, ranging over a variety of topics, but mainly dealing with literature and art as bearing on life. We used to look forward to such talks with immense interest. Formless and planless as they were, the effect on the hearers was immense. It was a wonderful bubbling up of all manner of glowing thoughts; for mere eloquence I never heard ought like it. One had the sense of ceaseless flashings of inspiration in every other sentence.

"These talks were not his main work at the College. That was done in his drawing class room. For about five years he was about the most regular teacher we ever had. Every Thursday night you might see his brougham waiting at the door at ten o'clock to take him back to Denmark Hill."

JOHN RUSKIN, 1824.

"The Thorn in the Foot." From an oil-painting by James Northcote, R.A. Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Arthur Severn. "My quietude was so pleasing to the old man (Northcote) that he begged my father and mother to let me sit for him for the face of a child which he was painting in a classical subject, where I was accordingly represented as reclining on a leopard's skin and having a thorn taken out of my foot by a wild man of the woods."—*Praeterita.*

VI.—MR. RUSKIN AND HIS ENGRAVERS.

The following extract from a letter written by Mr. J. H. Le Keux, the engraver of some of the plates in *Modern Painters*, is interesting as exhibiting Mr. Ruskin's generous treatment of those who worked for him: "Mr. Ruskin never fixed a price, I charged what I liked, he never complained; in fact offered more. One plate, 'The Tree Stump of Claude,' he said I had made too good, having put in too much touch. I promised to alter it. On my next visit I took him another proof, which is the plate printed. He asked me how I had altered it so well. I told him I had not altered the plate, but had engraved another, as it was much less trouble than scraping out and altering. 'Then charge me for both plates,' was his request; and I did so."

VII.—A LETTER TO DERBY.

The following letter was addressed by Mr. Ruskin to the students of the Derby Central School of Art, in reply to their request that he would give them a lecture. It was printed by them in their report for the year, but as this is now a very scarce publication, Mr. Ruskin's very characteristic letter will bear repetition here.

"Corpus Christi Coll.,
"Oxford,
"*December*, 1873.

"MY DEAR STUDENTS,—I was very sorry not to come to you, but, which may a little surprise you, I was more sorry that you wanted me to come; at least, that you wanted me so much as to take the pains to write and sign your letter. Your pleasure in your work, and assurance of its success ought never to be dependent on any visitations of what you may consider an artistically episcopal character, and you should never look for nourishment or support to casual instruction.

"Work, with whatever immediate knowledge you possess, honestly and unambitiously. When you find yourselves in definite difficulty, and can ask a definite question, look about for somebody who can answer it; but don't hold your mouths open, nor prick up your ears, for casual sweetness of praise, a convenience of advice. You will find, by the way, much of the best advice, when it comes, very *in*convenient.

"I have twice repeated the word *casual*, as being strongly opposed in my thoughts to *constant*. Of constant advice you must get the best you can, and obey it, first determining for yourselves what you want to be advised about. What do you want to do?—to carve or paint, that is? If you don't want to do anything, be assured you'll never do it. If you only come to the Art School to get your living, you

may or may not get your living; but you certainly will never get, or learn, any Art.

"Is there anything in the world you want to draw; any man in the world whose work you want to do something like? Would you like to draw dogs? cats? mice? rats? four and twenty blackbirds in a pie, or the queen eating honey in the parlour?—it doesn't matter what, if only you want to draw *it*, and not merely to make a drawing to get a prize with.

"Then secondly, have you got a master? I don't mean the master of your school. He is your adviser and instructor; but what do you want him to make of you,—a Teniers? or a Wilkie? or a Gainsborough? or a Holbein? Don't think which of these names sounds biggest, and say you want to be that. Think what you have seen and enjoyed of any of these men's work. You probably never saw a Holbein in your lives, perhaps never a Teniers, certainly never a Giotto. What have you seen that you would like to do something like?

"You have seen Gustave Doré, *Punch*, *The Illustrated News*. Well, Mr. Doré is very clever, so is *Mr. Punch*, so are the Illustrators of the *News*. If you want to be like them, get what access you can to them, and give up the hope of being artists; be newsmen, contentedly; and don't be teased with lectures on the Fine Arts, or professors of them. But if you want to paint, or carve rightly, choose some master of recognised and quiet skill; keep to his style, and try to match him, and beat him, at his own weapons. Think only of him, while your work is inferior to his. When you have beaten him, look for a better.

CANON DALE.

From a bust by Sir J. Edgar Boehm. It was the Rev. Thomas Dale, of Grove Lane, Peckham, afterwards Canon of St. Paul's, who prepared Ruskin for Oxford. "His first start with the new boy was unfortunate, and he never regained the confidence he had lost when he called Adam's Grammar 'that Scotch thing.' John Ruskin worked with him rather less than two years. In 1835 he was taken from school in consequence of an attack of pleurisy, and never returned, though he attended Mr. Dale's lectures at King's College, London, in 1836."—*The Life and Work of John Ruskin*, by W. G. Collingwood.

"But if you cannot feel, in looking at any master, that he has merit greater than others; if you prefer nobody, enjoy nobody but as you are told, give up the effort to be a painter, and resolutely and finally enter on some occupation of practical use. And this is all I could have told you, in the substance of it, though I had come and talked for a year. And so believe me, not less because I can't come,

"Very sincerely and gratefully yours,

"J. RUSKIN.

SAMUEL PROUT.

Prout was one of Ruskin's earliest loves, and he remained true to his "Proutism" to the end. "Prout," he writes, "is one of the loves that always remains fresh to me; sometimes I tire of Turner, but never of Prout." Prout's "Sketches in Flanders and Germany" was Ruskin's constant companion and inspiration during his wanderings on the Continent in 1833.

"P. S. — I'm afraid this letter reads very curt and cross; but the fact is, it always puts me in a passion to think of Derbyshire. The whole county is spoiled with 'works' and railroads; there are no more trout in the Dove, I believe, and you have got embankments and tunnels where there were rocks and caves. All Schools of Art are nonsense, when you have destroyed Nature; one clean field and white cliff is worth any quantity of Schools and professors. But is there a green field left in all the county?—or a cliff which wouldn't be blown up to-morrow if there were lead enough in it to pay for the gunpowder?"

VIII.—MR. RUSKIN AT ETON.

We have special pleasure in printing the following extracts from the Minute Book of the Eton Literary and Scientific Society. The signatures will be observed with interest.

"On Saturday, May 10th and May 17th (1873), the House had the honour as well as profit of hearing two *most* interesting lectures (it is needless to remark they were *able*) from Professor Ruskin. The School Library, where they were delivered, was crowded on both occasions by enthusiastic audiences, consisting of the Society itself, and a number of ladies and other guests who frequently testified their appreciation of the lecturer's ability by loud applause. At the first lecture the chair was taken by the Provost, at the second by the Head Master; and at the conclusion of both, the unanimous thanks of the House were accorded by acclamation to Mr. Ruskin, in a way which must have convinced him of the gratitude it entertained for the intellectual feast he had so kindly imparted to its members. In his first lecture, Professor Ruskin placed before his hearers the marvellous facts connected with *The Wing of the Swallow*, and the interesting thoughts it awakened. He illustrated it as well by diagrams of its shape and formation as by apt quotations from classical writers, noticing its peculiarities in order to show the influence it exercised on art both in ancient and modern

JOHN RUSKIN AT BRANTWOOD.

The above photographs were taken a few years ago by Mr. J. McClelland, of Liscard. The photograph of Ruskin in his overcoat was taken during the severe weather of February, 1895, when the lakes were frozen over and the thermometer hovered in the neighbourhood of zero. Notwithstanding the cold, Ruskin acted up to his belief in the value of open-air exercise, and on most days enjoyed his walk, morning and afternoon. The other photographs show various views of the grounds of Brantwood and Coniston Lake. The picture of Evening on Coniston Lake, showing the "Leviathans of the Sea of Heaven," was taken from close to Ruskin's window, and was one of his favourite views. Of particular interest is the picture of the pathway through the wood leading to Ruskin's own special garden.

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times, and to prove how vastly superior are all the works of the Supreme Creator, even in their most minute points, to the best and noblest imitations of even the most exalted genius.

"In his second lecture, Mr. Ruskin took for his leading subject '*The Beak of the Chough*,' though he also traced the different formations of the beak in other members of the crow tribe, and added illustrations to explain his meaning from various families of birds, notably the pelican, the cockatoo, and toucan, as examples of the extremes of variation in the position of the *chin* of birds. He remarked that the beak of the crow suggested to the ancient Greeks the form of several instruments; also even the *shape* of the ancient ship. He then proceeded to consider the effect of nature on art, observing that the secret of art is to represent the life, and that not merely the body, but especially the soul; he instanced Michael Angelo as the head of the material school, Giotto of the spiritual. He concluded by making a sweeping criticism of the art of the present day, characterising the works of Gustave Doré as 'the slimy afflux of the waters of the Styx' (sic), especially condemning par example that artist's illustration of La Fontaine's fable of the Lark and her young, which he showed to be quite marred by the 'pitchfork of a foot' belonging to the bird, 'stuck into' so prominent a position as it is, and finally said that he found on examination the Royal Academy of the present year to be wanting in three very essential particulars, viz., that there is no work representing the national manner of rejoicing (for though we have 'eaten an indigestible quantity of humble pie in respect of the Alabama claims,' yet there is cause in many respects for national rejoicing), no work commemorating any national deed, no work immortalising the religious feeling of the country at large.

"(Mr. DONALDSON was Sec.)"

J. M. W. TURNER.
From drawing by Sir J. Gilbert.

"On Saturday, December 12th (1874), Professor Ruskin lectured before a crowded, influential, and excited audience, which comprised our noble Society and fully 130 gentlemen and ladies, who eagerly accepted an invitation to hear Professor Ruskin 'talk' to us on Botticelli.

"It is utterly impossible for the unfortunate Secretary of this Society to transmit to writing even an abstract of this address, and it is some apology for him when beauty of expression, sweetness of voice, and elegance in imagery defy the utmost efforts of the pen.

"(H. E. RYLE, Secretary.)"

"On Saturday, November 27th (1875), Professor Ruskin gave a lecture on 'The Spanish Chapel at Florence' to an audience numbering nearly 200. The subject was one on which Professor Ruskin was at that time lecturing at Oxford, and his keen appreciation of it did not fail to rouse a corresponding enthusiasm on the part of the audience. To those who had heard him before, the lecturer seemed to have lost no whit of his grace and tenderness; while nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of those who were at last enabled to realise what they had but been able to guess from his published lectures—his wonderful power and beauty of expression combined with a sublimity of thought, which rendered every word he spoke of surpassing interest even to the superficial hearer.

"The chair was taken by the Provost.

"(Z. J. JONES, Secretary.)"

"On Saturday, December 8th (1877), Professor Ruskin delivered a lecture on the 'Streams of Westmorland.' The lecturer was introduced by the Provost, who occupied the chair. Professor Ruskin commenced by announcing himself as 'Professor of Common Sense,' in which capacity he proceeded to examine some of the theories of modern geologists. He complained that they failed to give him the information he required concerning the Cumberland Lakes, and that while telling him what that part of the country was like thousands of years ago, and through what stages it had passed to its present perfection, yet these were unable to say how the beautiful lake scenery was painted, or what chisel had shaped the outline of the mountains.

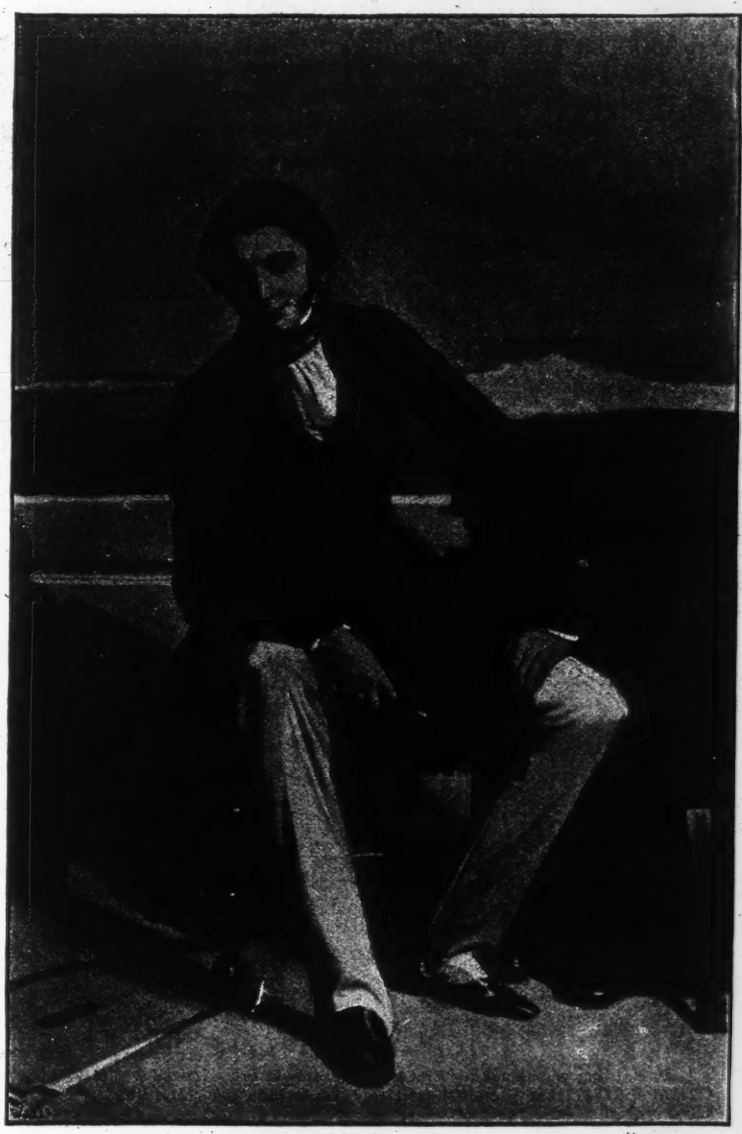
"Passing from the general to the particular, the lecturer proceeded to bring before his audience several points in which modern geologists failed to satisfy him.

First he had never heard a satisfactory explanation of the facts that deep pools, never encumbered with stones, might be found between two series of rapids which *were* thus encumbered; and he did not understand how streams could be cutting out the basins of lakes, which they tended rather to fill up. Secondly, he had tested experimentally the statements of geologists that the irregularity of adjacent strata may be accounted for by lateral pressure; and on comparing the irregularity produced by lateral pressure in adjacent streaks of white and crimson dough with a section of geological strata, he had found it radically different. Moreover, he doubted the possibility of water scooping out rocks, because honey would not scoop out tea spoons. Thirdly, he could not see how the explanation of denudation accounted for the fact that the outline of the Cumberland Hills is wholly irrespective of the various consistency of the rocks of which they are composed. After thus disposing of modern geologists and their theories, Professor Ruskin concluded with an eloquent appeal to his hearers not to disregard the beauties of nature which lie close and plain before us in futile examination of the really insoluble problem so rashly attempted by scientific men. 'How far more improving to the body, to the mind, and to the soul is the contemplation of a squirrel in its native woods than that of its skeleton, mouldering in a closet!' Such was the burden of the lecturer's eloquent peroration, which he entwined with an anecdote of the discovery by himself of a very interesting inscription in Venice, and an invective against Greek terms in English science, which might be paralleled by the introduction into modern Greek of such a scientific hybrid as 'Nastibeasteum.' It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Ruskin was attentively listened to and enthusiastically applauded, and that the power of his language and kindly interest which he took in his audience made this as welcome as the preceding (and we hope we may add his subsequent) lectures to the Society.

"The Provost offered the unanimous thanks of the House and audience to the lecturer.

"(J. K. STEPHEN, Secretary.)"

"On Saturday, November 6th (1880), Professor Ruskin gave a most interesting lecture on "Amiens." After premising that, the written lecture not having arrived, he could hardly do justice to his subject (a prediction which was by no means realised), the lecturer described first the position held by Amiens in the middle ages, as the Venice of France, and proceeded to draw out the contrast between the thirteenth and nineteenth centuries, which 'the intelligent traveller sees so strongly marked nowadays in passing through the town in the shape of fifty black smoking chimneys, and in the midst a tall fair minaret, that does not smoke.' Then after dwelling for a little on the general features of the Cathedral, the lecturer passed on to describe the statues of the Apostles in the central Porch of the West Front, each statue with its representative virtue and opposite vice below it. A sketch of the legend of St. Firmin, the patron saint of the place, next led to a stirring description of true martyrs. And then followed a description of some of the eventful mediæval history connected with the Cathedral, and especially the arbitration of St. Louis between Henry III. and his barons. In conclusion Mr. Ruskin spoke of the coinage of the earlier English kings and its various mottoes, exhibiting in illustration a groat of Henry V. This coin he most kindly



JOHN RUSKIN, 1842.

From the water-colour by George Richmond, R.A. Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Arthur Severn. This is the first portrait of Ruskin as a man, and was painted for his father soon after he had left Oxford. "It is manifestly like him; and his attitude as he turns from his desk, at which, maybe, he had just been polishing his rounded periods in the proof-sheets of 'Modern Painters,' and was about to make some new drawing of the distant Alps, is thoroughly characteristic of the man. . . . It shows us the Ruskin militant of those days—not yet steeped in the bitterness of controversy, but ready for the fray—good-humoured, sensitive, shrewd and keen, turning his gentle and kindly face towards the friend who is painting him."—*John Ruskin*, by M. H. Spielmann.

presented to the Literary Society to form a nucleus for a collection of English coins. He has also given to the School Library some beautiful photographs and a book illustrative of the stalls and carving in Amiens Cathedral. At the conclusion of the lecture the Head Master, who had kindly consented to take the chair, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Ruskin, which was carried by acclamation.

"(H. B. SMITH, Secretary.)"

IX.—AN UNPUBLISHED CATALOGUE.

Mr. Ruskin's generosity is well known, but few people know the trouble he took to make his gifts useful. In May, 1884, he presented a set of 200 minerals to the Kirkcudbright Museum, and wrote a catalogue with his own hand describing each specimen. This catalogue has never been printed except in one of the local newspapers, and we give the following extracts, which are characteristic of Mr. Ruskin, showing how he regarded minerals almost as living things with a will of their own.

"The two closing specimens of our fluor series are chosen to show the difference between indecisive and decisive *style* in mineral formation. This piece looks at first like a fragment of a cube, but it is not a fragment at all, but a crystal which has never made up its mind what it would be; never been able to persevere in smoothing a single plane, and broken itself off anyhow in a series of nondescript forms, for which there is neither rhyme nor reason. Very few minerals ever present themselves in such disorder, if crystalline at all."

J. D. HARDING.

J. D. Harding was Ruskin's first actual master in art. It was while working at Oxford in 1841 that Ruskin began to take lessons from Harding. "Harding, whose robust common sense and breezy mannerism endeared him to the British amateur of his generation, was just the man to correct any morbid tendency. He had religious views in sympathy with his pupil; and he soon inoculated Ruskin with his contempt for the minor Dutch school; those bituminous landscapes—so unlike the sparkling freshness that Harding's own water-colour illustrated; and those vulgar tavern-scenes, painted, he declared, by sots who disgraced art alike in their works and in their lives."—*The Life and Work of John Ruskin*, by W. G. Collingwood.

"Here, on the contrary, we have exquisitely decisive and accomplished crystals of three minerals, quartz, fluor, and tetrahedric copper pyrites; every one of them alike exemplary. It has always seemed to me very singular that minerals, so far as I know them, are for the most part moral in company. One rarely sees correct quartz associating with misconducting fluor, or the reverse. But one does not always see why the circumstances which are best for the education of one mineral should alike be favourable to that of another."

"In nearly all radiating formations of mineral substance the radiating groups are rooted like trees, and expand upwards. But the Sulphuret of Antimony, together with one or two ores of Lead, has the curious fancy to reverse this usual and rational arrangement, and to set all its radiating groups to stand on their heads. This specimen is a beautiful example of the gymnastic performance, of which, I believe, no mineralogist except myself has taken any notice."

X.—MR. RUSKIN AND TRADE.

We take this from a very scarce pamphlet:—

"'Trade,' or literally, the delivery of goods by one man to another. There is really no nobler human vocation; provided the deliverer be sure the thing he has delivered *is* a Good, and that he make sure the thing he receives in return for it is a Good also to himself, which it is too possible that it may not always be."

XI.

JAMES MACDONELL AND MR. RUSKIN.

The following account of Mr. Macdonell's meeting with John Ruskin is taken from the life of James Macdonell:—

"It was at a garden party at Miss Jean Ingelow's at Kensington, upon a lovely warm summer afternoon in 1875 or 1876. The guests had tea in the house, and then passed into the little garden, which was soon filled by a crowd of interesting people, among whom was Mr. Ruskin. After a time Miss Ingelow introduced us, and then followed a most interesting talk. My husband said something about his experience in France during the Franco-German war. Then Mr. Ruskin waxed eloquent and impassioned, and burst into a flood of talk. In his own inimitable English he sketched the character of the two peoples—the French and the German: their innate difference, their good and bad qualities. In burning words he declared his pity for the misery and degradation which had overtaken France, and in prophetic strain mourned over the hideous war-spirit which had possessed Germany. The beauty of phrase, the impassioned utterance, the flow of magical words, were

wonderful to listen to. Now and then my husband would mention a fact or show some sign of sympathy, and then again poured forth the eloquent stream of denunciation, admiration, criticism, far-searching thought, sympathy, and scorn. For nearly an hour this delightful lecture continued. Then Miss Ingelow came up, accompanied by a very pretty girl, beautifully dressed in an elegant toilette of pink silk and white lace. She was introduced as a great admirer of Mr. Ruskin, who was most anxious for an interview. The crowd was so great that we could not move away far, and were obliged therefore to listen to the conversation that ensued. Mr. Ruskin at once turned to the young lady with a smiling and devoted manner. I was greatly amused and interested to see the gifted and eloquent speaker plunge at once into the inanities of compliment and personal chit-chat. A little gossamer handkerchief slipped from the pretty small hand. Instantly Mr. Ruskin stooped to pick it up, and presented it with a compliment and an adoring look worthy of a love-sick swain of twenty. It was curious."

Photo by Hiles & Saunders.

SIR WALTER AND LADY TREVELYAN.

Reproduced by kind permission of Mrs. Churchill. Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan, with Miss Hilliard and Miss Joan Agnew, made up the party whom Ruskin took with him to Switzerland in 1866. Lady Trevelyan died suddenly at Neuchatel.

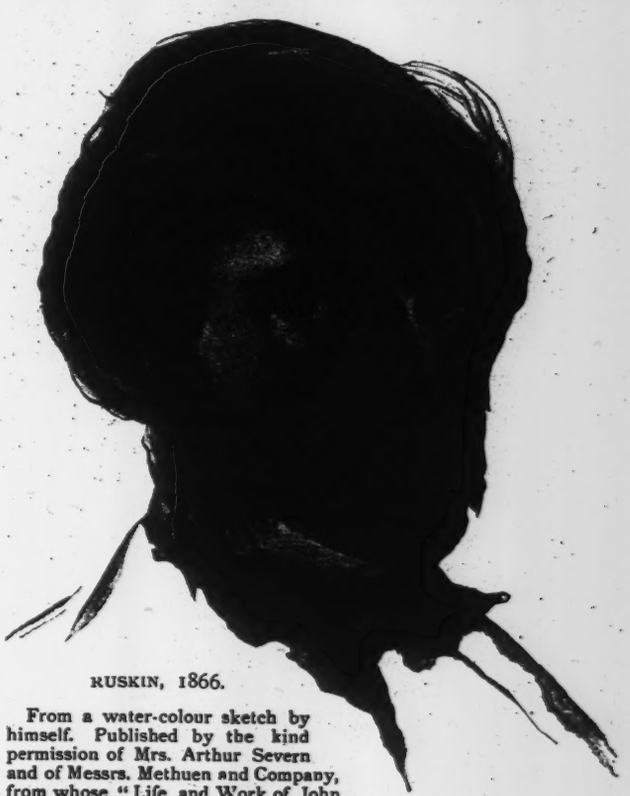
RUSKIN AS SOCIAL REFORMER.

FROM 1860 onward John Ruskin devoted his chief thought and energy to social reforms. That year saw the publication in the *Cornhill Magazine* of the papers which took later shape in "Unto this Last," and which mark the first definite assertion of what John Ruskin regarded as his social mission. In the Preface of this book he said of these papers, "I believe them to be the best, that is to say, the truest, rightest-worded and most serviceable things I have ever written," and an ever widening circle of the intelligent reading public has endorsed this judgment. The volumes which, taken together, form a full exposition of the principles of this social teaching are "Unto this Last," "Munera Pulveris," "A Joy for Ever," and "Fors Clavigera." But after 1860, whatever else might be his formal theme, nature, art, literature, history, religion, all was penetrated by this single passion. In order to challenge the baser spirit of his age in theory and in practice, he chose to insist upon his claim to be a teacher of Political Economy. It is from this standpoint, therefore, that we best approach his social teaching. Many, begging the question by means of a false antithesis of science and sentiment, have sought to ridicule his pretensions to be a serious teacher, and have even misled some of his ardent followers into adopting a position of hostility towards "the dismal science." Now John Ruskin, though he would perhaps have refused the hybrid title, was scientist as well as sentimentalist. One might even go so far as to say he was scientist because he was sentimentalist; for his first claim as social teacher was that he first clearly and definitely laid that subjective basis of Political Economy, which of late years is ousting the old cash basis even in "the schools." To take such a term as "wealth," and its measures and determinants, "cost" and "utility," and to show that these terms were profitless for human knowledge and conduct until they were resolved into terms of the suffering and enjoyment of men and women, was a scientific criticism of the first importance. This criticism Ruskin drove home with inimitable force and penetration. For his task he had an equipment incomparably superior to that of any of his antagonists. He was a highly endowed

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

MRS. W. H. CHURCHILL (CONSTANCE HILLIARD).

Reproduced by kind permission of Mrs. Arthur Severn. Miss Constance Hilliard, afterwards Mrs. W. H. Churchill, accompanied Ruskin on his famous Swiss journey in 1866. There are many references to her throughout Ruskin's writings.



RUSKIN, 1866.

From a water-colour sketch by himself. Published by the kind permission of Mrs. Arthur Severn and of Messrs. Methuen and Company, from whose "Life and Work of John Ruskin," by W. G. Collingwood, it is here reproduced. The portrait is not dated, but it was probably painted either in 1864 or 1866, the black tie perhaps indicating the recent loss of his father.

and trained specialist in those finer arts of human work and human enjoyment which are the roots of value in the life of an individual and a nation, and which, therefore, are essential to an individual or a political economy. His "Political Economy of Art" or "A Joy for Ever" enforces

RUSKIN'S HOUSE AT DENMARK HILL.

The Ruskins moved into a larger house at Denmark Hill in 1843. "But at last the lease of the larger house was bought: and everybody said how wise and proper; and my mother *did* like arranging the rows of pots in the big greenhouse; and the view from the breakfast-room into the field was really very lovely. And we bought three cows, and skimmed our own milk, and churned our own butter. And there was a stable, and a farmyard, and a haystack, and a pigstye, and a porter's lodge, where undesirable visitors could be stopped before startling us with a knock. But, for all these things, we were never so happy again. Never any more 'at home.'"—*Praeterita.*

by the most telling illustrations the place which these fine arts of production and consumption occupy in the making of national character, and exposes the terrible degradation of public and private life with which the mechanisation of modern industry is fraught. The capacity of good work and good enjoyment is the touchstone of life, and it was his keen perception of the conditions of modern industrial societies hostile to this capacity that drove him into social revolt. His first claim to be a genuinely scientific teacher was his dethronement of the money standard, commonly adopted by Political Economists, and his substitution of a vital standard. This is concisely expressed in the familiar phrase, "There is no wealth but life." But his next reform is even more fundamental, for it imposes a moral or qualitative standard for work and enjoyment. According to current teaching the present desires and aversions, whatever they may be, are final arbiters of economic conduct; a pound's worth of shoddy cloth or crude photography ranks equally with the same money's worth of sound cloth or good books, because it expresses the same quantity of actual likes and dislikes. Here comes in Ruskin's famous distinction between "wealth" and "illth." The true wealth or "real value" of anything consists in the amount it "avails" for life, *i.e.*, the good it is capable, whether we know it or not, of doing us. This is best conveyed in the following passage of "Unto this Last": "The value of a thing . . . is independent of opinion, and of quantity. Think what you will of it, gain how much you may of it, the value of the thing itself is neither greater nor less. For ever it avails, or avails not; no estimate can ruin, no disdain oppress, the power which it holds from the Maker of things and of men." Though this is a "hard saying," and assumes a constancy in true needs and uses which does not exist, it contains a truth of supreme value in its insistence upon the necessity of a standard of moral health of a nation. If Political Economy is really concerned with the true needs of a nation, it is no longer a science or an art separate from Politics and Ethics but one with them. What Ruskin, then, really did was to merge Political Economy in the science and art of society. "Given a nation with such and such powers of nature and environment, how can it make the most of them for work and life?" Such would be the formal problem which Ruskin never systematically set himself to solve, but towards the solution of which he, nevertheless, made contributions of supreme value. The nearest approach towards a formal treatise is "Munera Pulversis," which, as a work of intellectual analysis, is one of his most remarkable achievements. Ruskin's aversion to becoming a mere "system monger" often drove him to an opposite extreme of literary waywardness, which has blinded many of his lovers to the real solidarity and sequence of his thought.

Though some of his economic analysis is not valid, and some of his strictures upon writers of his day, notably J. S. Mill, are unduly harsh and imperfectly informed, he had a far more accurate grip upon many of the central problems of industrial life than he has yet gained full credit for. The essential injustice which underlies all forms of bargaining, and which is not absent even from the "freest" competition, is clearly seen by him, and the direct and indirect moral effects of an industrial life in which selfish force is the dominant factor are driven home with convincing power in every chapter of his later works.

In his constructive experiments as social reformer Ruskin was less successful, though the impression of his personal influence and teaching has made itself felt upon many serviceable movements. In particular the stress which he laid upon the necessity that everyone should be taught "to do something well and finely with his hands," has borne fruit in a remarkable revival of handicrafts, and in other informal attempts to mark out the reasonable limits of machine industry, so ensuring that "cheapness" shall not dominate the whole industrial world to the detriment of the pleasures and benefits arising from good work to the producer and the consumer.

By virtue of the fundamental sanity and worth of his

criticism, the fertility of his practical suggestions of reform, and the personal passion of national right-doing which he has himself expressed and evoked in others, John Ruskin will rank as the most influential force for social reform in the century which is now coming to a close. His literary brilliancy has hitherto carried away a large proportion of his readers along shallower channels of interest; the importance of his contribution to the principles and practice of social reform is even now only beginning to be fully manifest.

J. A. HOBSON.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

The annual meeting of the Liverpool Press Club was held last month in the club premises, Liverpool. There was an excellent attendance. Mr. J. Mason, the retiring President, was in the chair. The report and accounts, which showed that the club both in numbers and in finance was in a thoroughly healthy condition, were passed without criticism. Mr. Ivie Fulton, of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, was unanimously elected President, Mr. J. E. J. Holmes *(Liverpool Daily Courier)*, Senior Vice-President, and Mr. A. H. Ward Jones, also of the *Courier* staff, Junior Vice. Mr. J. G. Gregson, *Daily Post*, was elected Secretary, and Mr. C. Rees, *Daily Post*, Treasurer. Messrs. J. B. Mackenzie *(Mercury)*, Boardman *(Post)*, Ramage *(Courier)*, R. Jenkins *(Courier)*, and J. Mason were elected members of the Committee.

Rarely, if ever before, has such a gap been made in the ranks of Liverpool journalists in the same short time, and Liverpool journalists feel it While the loss of Mr. W. E. Tirebuck and Mr. James Allan was still fresh in the memory, came the news, on February 10th, that Thomas Winstanley Hughes, of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, had died in harness. The following day Ernest Winter, of Llandudno, passed away, and two days later came tidings that William Parsonage, editor of the *Liverpool Evening Express*, was also dead. This is a heavy death-roll, one which will be remembered and felt for some time to come.

Mr. Charles Ingamells, editor and one of the proprietors of the *Boston Independent*, died last month, in his seventy-third year. He was the oldest journalist in Lincolnshire, and was an ideal pressman—patient, careful, and persevering. He became a member of the Institute of Journalists upon the formation of the Lincolnshire branch in 1892, and in 1894 he filled the office of chairman.

Several changes have occurred on the staff of the *Aldershot News* at Aldershot. Mr. F. A. H. Eyles, who has edited the paper with so much success since its commencement, has relinquished that post, and has gone for a trip to Canada prior to taking up an important appointment in London. Miss Eleanor Wren, who has been on the staff of the *News* for some years, has been appointed editor.

Mr. F. W. Walker, who has been representing the *Aldershot News* and the *Daily Mail* with Sir William Gatacre's force at Stormberg, and who was invalided home after having been injured by a shell, is returning to South Africa to represent Mr. C. A. Pearson's new paper at the front.

Mr. W. H. Oakley, of the *Surrey Advertiser*, Guildford, has been elected Chairman of the Surrey district for the ensuing year.

Mr. Rudolph Hagen, artist, *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, has accepted an appointment on the staff of the *Daily Dispatch*, Manchester. Mr. T. E. Edwards, descriptive writer, also from the *Telegraph* office, joined the *Dispatch* staff about the same time.

Yet another paper for Cambridge. The first number of the *Cambridge Graphic*, an illustrated weekly, dealing with local and University matters, appeared on February 3rd. Cambridge now boasts of six weekly and two evening papers—a remarkable list for a somewhat limited population.

The *Bath Argus* has been incorporated with the *Bath Chronicle*, so that the number of evening papers in Bath is reduced to two.

The Council of the Institute of Journalists has accepted the invitation of the Bristol district to hold the spring council meeting in that city on the 12th May, and the Lord Mayor has kindly consented to give an official welcome to the visitors. The members of the council include Sir James Henderson, of Belfast (President of the Institute), Sir Wemyss Reid, Sir John Willox, M.P., Sir Edward Lawson, and Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid. The last Bristol meeting was in 1889, and it was on that occasion decided to apply for a Charter of Incorporation, which has since been obtained.

A NIGHTMARE.

Cartoon by Mr. Frederick Sandys, parodying Sir John Millais' "Sir Isumbras at the Ford."

Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. M. H. Spielmann. After his famous letter to the *Times* Ruskin came to be regarded as the prophet of pre-Raphaelitism; and, says Mr. Spielmann, "his doughty championship constitutes one of the stormiest passages of his disputatious life." The general sentiment aroused was fairly reflected by the well-known and amusing cartoon of Mr. Frederick Sandys. In this clever parody of Sir John Millais' "Sir Isumbras at the Ford," which was then a sensation at the Academy, Mr. Sandys humorously represented Ruskin as the ass of burden of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, on whose back Millais, Holman Hunt, and Rossetti were carried across the Stream of Shallow Waters.

Mr. T. J. Phillips, who has for some years past been connected with the literary staff of the *Liverpool Mercury*, has obtained an appointment on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian*. On February 16th, Mr. Phillips was presented with a Gladstone bag and toilet case by his colleagues of the *Mercury* staff, as a small token of their esteem. The presentation was formally made by Mr. J. H. McCabe, several other members of the gathering speaking of the high appreciation in which Mr. Phillips was held.

Mr. Jennings, of the London *City Press*, has joined the staff of the *Bristol Evening News*.

The death has just taken place of Mr. F. J. Parsons, owner of the *Hastings and St. Leonards Observer* and other papers published in East Sussex. Besides his enterprise as a newspaper proprietor, Mr. Parsons was well known at Hastings as the director of various companies. He was chairman of the Albany Hotel.

Mr. A. H. E. Taylor B.A. Oxon, has joined the literary staff of the *Lancashire Daily Post and Preston Guardian*.

Mr. Kennedy, late of the now defunct *Leeds Express*, is now a sub-editor on the *Bradford Daily Argus*.

Mr. Marshall, of the *Leeds Mercury* reporting staff, is joining the Fleet Street office of his paper.

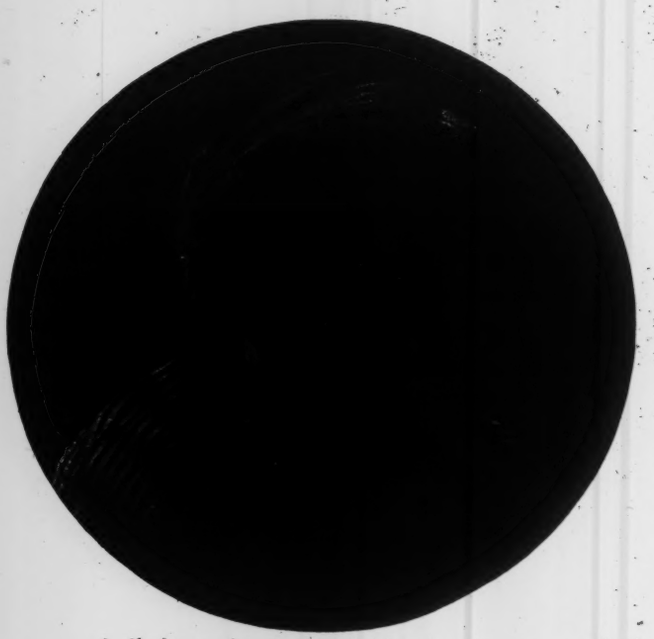
When the news of the relief of Kimberley arrived, Hull was completely isolated telegraphically, and the first news published in the *Daily Mail* was received by rail from Manchester, ninety miles distant.

Mr. Ernest James, for eight years a member of the reporting staff of the *Staffordshire Daily Sentinel* at Hanley, has commenced duty as one of the sub-editors of the *Birmingham Daily Mail*. Prior to leaving Hanley, Mr. James was entertained at dinner by a number of prominent gentlemen of the town, who presented him with a "smoker's companion."

Mr. W. S. White, of the *Express and Star* (Wolverhampton), has removed to Newcastle-under-Lyme, as one of the district reporters for the *Staffordshire Advertiser*.

IRELAND.

Mr. Hugh Curran has been appointed London sub-editor and Gallery representative of the *Dublin Daily Express*. Mr. Curran was previously attached to the sub-editorial department of the same paper in Dublin.



MISS SUSANNAH BEEVER.

From a portrait by W. G. Collingwood. Reproduced by kind permission of Mrs. Arthur Severn. It was to Miss Beever—the younger Lady of Thwaite—that Ruskin addressed the delightful letters subsequently published under the title "Hortus Inclusus." Miss Beever lived with her sister in Coniston village ("they were," says Ruskin in the Preface to "Hortus Inclusus," "at once the sources and the lode-stones of all good in the village,") and to the end of her long life, writes Mr. Spielmann, "this clever lady was surprisingly young and so bright and cheerful and sweet and charming that she fully deserved the daily letters that the master of Brantwood sent her." It is to Miss Beever that we owe the charming collection from "Modern Painters" known as "Frondes Agrestes."

From Photo by] JOHN RUSKIN ABOUT 1869. [*Elliott & Fry.*

SCOTLAND.

Mr. W. Cowan, of the Glasgow staff of the *Scotsman*, has taken up his duties as chief reporter of the new Manchester morning paper, the *Daily Dispatch*. Mr. Kilpatrick, of the Glasgow *Evening News*, has joined the sub-editorial staff of the *Daily Dispatch;* and Mr. J. Ryan, also of the Glasgow *Evening News*, has joined the *Dispatch* reporting staff.

Mr. D. McKail, *Aberdeen Free Press*, has joined the reporting staff of the *Dundee Courier*.

Mr. E. G. Murphy, *Aberdeen Journal*, has accepted an appointment on the reporting staff of the *Greenock Evening Telegraph*.

WALES.

The death took place on the 11th of Mr. Ernest Winter, editor of the *Llandudno Directory*. Mr. Winter was a native of Norwich. After a considerable experience of press work in the United States, he became one of the assistants of the late Mr. T. A. Reed. Afterwards he was appointed the representative of the *North Wales Chronicle* in the Vale of Clwyd. Nearly twenty years ago he went to Llandudno and became editor of the *Directory*, a newspaper belonging to the proprietors of the *Chronicle*.

Mr. J. A. Sandbrook has severed his connection with the *Cambrian* newspaper, Swansea, of which he was chief reporter.

Early on the morning of Thursday, the 8th inst., the premises of the *Tarian-y-Gweithwr*, Aberdare, belonging to Mr. G. M. Evans, were destroyed by fire. The whole of the plant, with the exception of one machine situated in the cellar, together with the account books and a large number of copyright works were burned. The damage is estimated at between £800 and £900, and is only partly covered by insurance. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Mr. B. J. Hodson, of the staff of the Swansea *Daily Post*, has volunteered for the front, and has been enrolled in the Pembrokeshire Yeomanry.

ISLE OF MAN.

The unexpected collapse of Dumbell's Banking Co., Limited, has made a profound impression on the Isle of Man, and it is not unlikely important press changes will be the result.

NEW BOOKS.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE FUTURE LIFE.*

A critical study of the development of eschatology in Israel from the pre-prophetic period to the close of the New Testament canon was wanted, and to have this want supplied by so thoroughly well-equipped a scholar as Dr. Charles is matter of cordial gratulation. Other writers no doubt have gone over the ground, but not with the same instruments of research. The peculiarity of Dr. Charles' method is that it is, in the strictest sense, historical. In his investigation of the sources he interprets them not merely in accordance with the textual context, but in the light of their historical context. He thus exhibits the growth of each element in the eschatological beliefs of which traces are found in the extant documents. He discriminates with striking acuteness between the hereditary Ancestor-worship of the early Hebrews and the contemporaneous and co-existing monotheism. He shows how the earliest faith in immortality sprang from the heathen creed, and how the first result of the triumph of Yahwism was the denial of all existence in Sheol, since the nature of this existence was heathen and non-moral. He also traces with much skill the development of the parallel beliefs in the future of the nation and of the individual, and the synthesis of the two eschatologies in the doctrine of the Resurrection. A large part of the volume is occupied, as was to be expected, with an examination of the Apocryphal and Apocalyptic literature, where Dr. Charles is on familiar ground. From the Judaistic conceptions of the future which these writings embody there have passed into the New Testament certain incongruous elements of a mechanical and unethical character. These being irreconcileable with the fundamental teaching of Christ, and having no rationale in Christianity, Dr. Charles extrudes. A principle of such importance must be given in his own words. "In the course of the preceding chapters we have, I hope, recognised that at all periods of the history of Israel there existed side by side in its religion incongruous and inconsistent elements. Thus in every period we have on the one side the doctrine of God ever advancing in depth and fulness; on the other, we have eschatological and other survivals which, however justifiable in earlier stages, are in unmistakable antagonism with the theistic beliefs of their time." We are therefore not to be surprised if the eschatology of the New Testament should to some extent present similar incongruous phenomena. With such an instrument in his hand it is obvious that Professor Charles may almost construct for himself the eschatology we are to accept as the genuinely Christian construction of the future. Whatever he conceives to be incongruous, although affirmed by Jesus or by Paul, is forthwith thrown overboard. One would expect that an instrument of so novel and limitless an efficiency would have been worth fighting for and capturing. But Professor Charles betrays no consciousness that by its introduction he is upsetting the idea, which the Church has always held, that revelation culminates and is perfected in Christ. According to his principle we are to understand that even in matters so strictly connected with religion as the state of the dead our Lord might be mistaken. Dr. Charles, for example, admits that the future punishment of the unrighteous "is generally conceived as everlasting in the Gospels," but this is "in conformity with Jewish tradition." He himself dismisses the idea of eternal punishment as a dogma that originated when Jewish particularism reigned supreme, and the few saved "could imagine that part of their highest bliss in the new world would consist in witnessing the torment of the damned." His own construction of the future is by no means satisfactory. He considers that it is mechanical to associate death with the cessation of probation, but when fixity of character is reached, or whether it need ever be reached, and what happens when it is reached, he does not say. That is to say, the very knot of the problem is left unsolved. His critical assumption not only tends to facilitate his evasion of difficulties, but also leads him to ignore or to slight the attempts which other critics have made to solve them. He affirms, for example,

JOAN RUSKIN SEVERN (MRS. ARTHUR SEVERN).

From a photograph by J. P. Bridson, Windermere. Reproduced by kind permission. To Mrs. Severn's care Ruskin owed "life certainly and more than life for many and many a year."—*Praeterita.*

From Photo by] ARTHUR SEVERN, R.I. *[J. McClelland.*

In April, 1871, Miss Joan Agnew (Ruskin's "Angel in the House") was married to Mr. Arthur Severn, R.I., the eminent water-colour painter, who for thirty years was Ruskin's "most trusted friend and counsellor and the cheerful companion and guardian of his age."

* "A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life in Israel, in Judaism, and in Christianity." Being the Jowett Lectures for 1898-99. By R. H. Charles, D.D. (Adam and Charles Black.)

that it is "proved beyond question" that Christ expected to return during the existing generation. Professor Charles can scarcely fail to be aware that one of the keenest and most emancipated of French scholars, Professor Bruston, puts quite another interpretation on our Lord's words. While, however, we point out what we consider blemishes, or at any rate deficiencies, in Professor Charles' treatment of this universally interesting subject, it must not be supposed that this is a book to be passed by. On the contrary, it is a book of great importance, not only on account of its subject, but especially in virtue of the thoroughgoing critical method that is employed, and the conclusions arrived at. Perhaps those who most seriously resent some of the findings are the very persons who will derive most benefit from its study. In any case it is a book in which we have the results of a great deal of research and of much keen criticism; so strong that it must be reckoned with.

MARCUS DODS.

A CENTURY OF SCIENCE.*

Mr. Fiske has earned a well-deserved reputation as an acute thinker, a man of wide general information, and of no mean literary ability. Those who have studied the "Cosmic Philosophy" will appreciate these lighter productions from the pen of its author, and we can promise them some pleasant hours in their perusal.

The essays are varied in subject and, naturally, unequal in interest. Three of them may in general terms be called philosophical. The paper that gives its name to the volume is a popular survey of the outstanding features of modern science; with this type of composition the end of the century has made us familiar, so that from its title one can forecast the general nature of its contents. It is, however, differentiated from the majority of such retrospects which, like it, have evolution as their theme, in that its tone is more reverential than that of most of its kind. This is also true of the second essay, in which, although for the most part it is an unqualified eulogy on the philosophical system of Herbert Spencer, yet the author pleads for a clear demarcation between the psychical and the physical phenomena in human nature on lines which will be familiar to the readers of his other works. The study of the part played by infancy in the evolution of man is also the recurrence to a theme with which he has elsewhere dealt, and one concerning which he claims with genial and pardonable egotism that he has not received all the credit that he deserves in indicating the influence of this factor. Readers of Henry Drummond's "Ascent of Man" will recollect how much he was indebted to Mr. Fiske for the suggestion that the evolution of Altruism was correlated with the prolonged infancy of the human individual. The physical side of this human characteristic has not been investigated as much as it deserves.

The four biographical papers are sympathetic studies of men dissimilar in many ways. That on Francis Parkman is the essay most deserving of notice, and will probably increase the interest of the readers of the works of this accomplished and versatile author. It is many years since a copy of the "Oregon Trail" came into the hands of the present writer and awakened a desire to read the other productions of the pen of the historian of the struggles between the races of North America and their European conquerors. These works, not as much read on this side of the Atlantic as they ought to be, have a peculiar charm of their own in some respects like that of the writings of George Borrow, although there were wide differences between the personalities of these two authors.

Of the three essays on American subjects, that on the Arbitration Treaty is the most important, and, it is to be hoped, will influence public opinion in the United States in favour of subsequent united political action between the two great English-speaking powers.

The four contributions which complete the volume are in lighter vein. That on the Bacon-Shakespeare folly, while effectually exploding that absurd craze, treats it perhaps with more seriousness than it deserves. The Literature of cranks and that of impostors is treated in two amusing papers, the latter of which does no more than justice to the works of one ignorant apologist, whose lucubrations did more harm to the cause he espoused than did the writings of any half-dozen of its open adversaries.

The essay on Irish Folk-lore brings back to mind an incident which occurred some years ago in a western Munster village. A collector of folk tales visited the neighbourhood and offered half-a-crown each for such stories. The bribe stimulated the inventive faculties of the whole countryside, and one old blind man still tells with many a chuckle how he supplied at half price many versions and variants of familiar legends to those who provided the ingenuous folk-lorist with his legends. Another purveyor of "folk-lore" in the same neighbourhood excused himself for stuffing an inquisitive investigator in the same field by saying "the poor creature was so ready to swallow all with which he was supplied that it was a pity not to fill him to the limit of his capacity." It is a delicate task to gather genuine folk tales anywhere, especially in Ireland.

ALEX. MACALISTER.

INTERIOR OF RUSKIN DRAWING SCHOOL, OXFORD.
Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. George Allen from "Studies in Ruskin," by E. T. Cook.

AN ENGLISH MONTALEMBERT.*

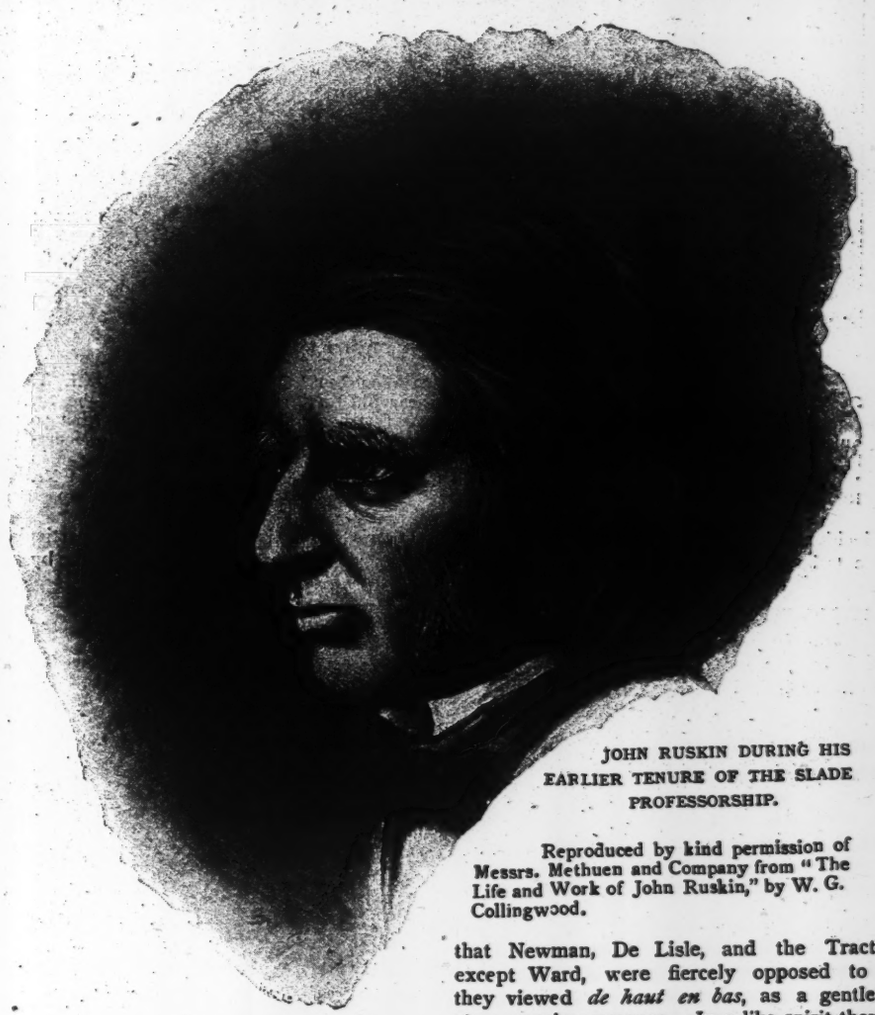
Mr. Purcell's "Life of Cardinal Manning" was the book of its season. Though neither well-written nor displaying even the common gifts of a good biographer, it ran immediately into several editions. It gained what the French term "un succès de scandale"; and it will keep its place as a genuine portrait, painted without flattery, but faithful in every detail. The explanation is simple. Documents were printed with absolute candour, and the intervention of Mr. Purcell counted for little more than that of the machine which printed them. In these pages we find a similar method,—the same defects of authorship, but as entire a disclosure of facts and motives. But the public did not know Ambrose de Lisle as they knew the great Cardinal. *They* will read, and reviewers will dwell upon, the letters given in abundance of Gladstone, Newman, Montalembert, Pugin, Manning again, and Aubrey de Vere. Some will

* "A Century of Science, and other Essays." By John Fiske. pp. 478. 8s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

* "The Life and Letters of Ambrose Phillips de Lisle." By E. S. Purcell. Edited and Finished by Edwin de Lisle, F.S.A. In two vols. Macmillan.)

remember that De Lisle figures in "Coningsby." And most, after glancing at these big volumes, will put them down as domestic and mere Catholic biography.

Well, grant all this. There is something besides. Phillips de Lisle—he added the more splendid name in middle age—was a picturesque, but also a significant figure, in the wide religious and artistic movement of the nineteenth century; I mean Romanticism. He did not touch—I am sure he could never have understood—the Critical Movement which seems, at first sight, to be its deadly antagonist. But he did these things for England;—he restored the life of monastic contemplation in Charnwood Forest; he became, according to Bishop Forbes, the father of Ritualism; and he lodged in the minds of Anglicans, clergy and laity, the idea of "corporate union" with Rome. Sacred art, cloistered studies, the mystic's communing with spiritual realities, found in De Lisle an exponent who, though not original, devoted his resources to the propagation of principles such as Ruskin afterwards made familiar; and they are now, in a varying degree, the common property of Englishmen. I am not required to trace them further back; yet I may say that their home was first in Germany; that Chateaubriand, Mme. de Stael, and Frederick Schlegel introduced them to Catholics at large; that Wiseman shared them, and Digby, in his "Broadstone of Honour," glorified them; and that De Lisle was the English Montalembert in whom they were most charmingly seen.



JOHN RUSKIN DURING HIS EARLIER TENURE OF THE SLADE PROFESSORSHIP.

Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Company from "The Life and Work of John Ruskin," by W. G. Collingwood.

Romanticism has conquered along its own lines,—in art as in literature. It is the sovereign of the hour, perhaps of the age. It played no small part during the Oxford crisis, between 1839 and 1845, when the religious history of the last fifty years was taking form and subsistence. Young Phillips, at sixteen, had joined the Catholic Church,—in 1825,—long before the Tracts began their stormy course. The influences which determined him were curiously prophetic of what would happen to many others. In his veins ran the blood of the Huguenots; he learned French from an *émigré* priest; he was captivated by the sight of foreign churches; and a sudden flash of common sense, which he took for a revelation, convinced him that Mohammed was the Anti-christ rather than the Pope to whom England owed its Christianity. In Rome he was assured by a reverend Franciscan friar that he, though a layman, would have an important share in Catholicising his fellow-countrymen. He accepted the task; and in 1841 he was actively corresponding with Bloxam of Magdalen, hearing Ward's denunciations of the English Church, and exchanging views with Newman. The restoration of Gothic architecture had set in. To help it forward, he spent lavishly and crippled his estate; but his monastery and its Cistercians set the example which has now been followed, on so extensive a scale in the Establishment, as to provoke an alarm and stimulate a reaction tending towards unknown issues. When Newman came over, he did not patronise Gothic; then and afterwards he was sceptical of corporate reunion; and he pleaded, in some admirable letters, for moderation in non-essentials, which had always been his principle. He foretold the reaction, vehement under Manning and Ward, of which he became during a long twenty years the most conspicuous victim. De Lisle had his own troubles. The A.P.U.C. was condemned at Rome. He passed into a kind of opposition, not to any doctrines of the Church but to the policy then in favour at the Vatican. When Gladstone issued those singular pamphlets, redolent of Elizabethan associations, in 1874, De Lisle admitted a certain truth in them; and even Newman was not sorry that questions were put which must be answered. The correspondence on this subject is an undoubted and valuable addition to history. Another curious point is that De Lisle foresaw, in his prophetic philosophy,—not as a mere worldly politician, — the ruin of the Pope's Temporal Power. He dreamt of a future Christendom, always Catholic, but under circumstances quite unlike those of the past. When he died in 1878, the Holy See was at its lowest ebb. With Leo XIII. a new order has begun, in some of its features strongly resembling the state of things which De Lisle and Montalembert had beheld, as it were, in vision.

There are many delightful and romantic sketches of the best English Catholic life in these volumes. They would have gained by omitting all Mr. Purcell's commentaries; and it may be as well to remark that Newman, De Lisle, and the Tractarians in general, except Ward, were fiercely opposed to democracy, which they viewed *de haut en bas*, as a gentleman might glance at a crossing-sweeper. In a like spirit they would have dealt with science, with Bible criticism, with philosophy as an independent process of thought. On these subjects, if we desire illumination, we must look for it elsewhere. But in proportion as Religion endeavours to seize or to express the transcendental, art will have its place, and symbolism, and the inward life. That is all Romanticism. An enthusiast like De Lisle who feels and preaches it in taking forms will always deserve attention, and his influence may endure when the statesman's, ecclesiastic or secular, has become an empty name.

WILLIAM BARRY.

POMPEII.*

This volume is a translation of an unpublished work by Professor Mau, who, it is stated, "has for twenty-five years devoted himself to the study of Pompeii, spending his summers among the ruins," while the fact that it makes its

* "Pompeii, its Life and Art." By August Mau. Translated by F. W. Kelsey. 25s. net. (Macmillan.)

first appearance in English is due to "the liberality of the publishers" in making it possible for the author "to secure assistance for the preparation of certain restorations and other drawings" which were required to illustrate the text; and the Macmillan Company are certainly to be congratulated on the result. The book is in fact one which would do credit to any publishers, the various illustrations and plans, of which there are close upon three hundred, being admirably executed, while some of them, notably the view of the Forum, which forms the frontispiece, and "the Street of the Tombs" (p. 412), are almost perfect examples of the results which can be achieved by modern methods of photogravure.

ST. GEORGE'S MUSEUM, WALKLEY.

Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. George Allen from "Studies in Ruskin," by E. T. Cook. The St. George's Museum at Walkley, near Sheffield, was the outcome of the St. George's Guild, founded in 1871. The Museum was first housed at Walkley in 1875, but so quickly did the material accumulate that it was removed in 1890 to the fine building in Meersbrook Park, when it was opened by the Earl of Carlisle. Ruskin House, Walkley, was in 1893 turned into a girls' training home with the hearty approval and cordial wishes of Mr. Ruskin.

The title of the book is somewhat of a misnomer, for the author only refers to the 'Life" of Pompeii incidentally in connection with such instruments or representations of various trades as have been discovered, while he is certainly rather an archæologist than a critic of "Art." Students of art will, indeed, be inclined to smile at the enthusiasm which he displays for a very inferior bust of Jupiter (p. 69) and a fresco of two female heads (p. 469), though they will also thank him sincerely for his reproduction of a beautiful bronze tripod (p. 363) and a superb "Blue Glass Vase" (p. 408), while the chapter on "Wall Decoration" deserves the careful attention of all who take an interest in designing; but the main portion of the book (pp. 45 361) is not concerned with "Life and Art," but with a description (1) of the public and (2) of the private buildings of the city.

This description is remarkably full and accurate, so that, with the aid of the numerous plans, drawings, restorations, and photographs the reader can obtain an exact knowledge of the ruins and a clear conception of the appearance of the town before its destruction. The writer's style is not, indeed, particularly vivid, but he gives you facts, and enables you, by the use of a little imagination, to reproduce Pompeii in your arm-chair. You can step into the *forum* on a sunny morning and enjoy a gossip in its double-storied colonnades, or attend

RUSKIN AND THE OXFORD UNDERGRADUATES MAKING HINCKSEY ROAD.

"One of the methods which Mr. Ruskin adopted or gathering a circle of ardent young men around him and impregnating them with his spirit was the subject of much sarcastic comment. This was the famous road-making experiment. No one was more alive to the amusing side of the affair than Mr. Ruskin himself. The road which his pupils made is, he has been heard to admit, about the worst in the three kingdoms, and for any level places in it he gives the credit to his gardener, whom he incontinently summoned from Brantwood. . . . Among the undergraduate road-makers was Arnold Toynbee, who rose by his zeal to the rank of foreman."—*Studies in Ruskin*, by E. T. Cook. (George Allen.)

service in a variety of temples, spend a couple of hours in the bath, be present at a law suit in the *basilica*, or select your Baian oysters for dinner in the *macellum*, and then compare these conveniences with your own county town even on market-day. Or, on the other hand, you can inspect the houses of the principal gentry, and consider which would be the least uncomfortable to live in, pondering how the owner of a splendid *atrium* spent his evening in winter when the rain came in floods through the *impluvium*, and his wife pointed out that with a kitchen about thirteen feet square—the average size in a Pompeian mansion—it was impossible "to keep a good cook." Finally, if in a reflective mood, you can stroll through the "Herculaneum Gate" and study that once fashionable parade "The Street of Tombs," where the departed make things as pleasant as may be for the living, some providing comfortable semi-circular seats (p. 401) for friendly visitors or an actual *triclinium* (p. 417), where they might dine "in honour of the dead," leaving remains "of oysters and other shell-fish" behind them, while in other cases a pipe is arranged passing down to the sepulchral urn itself, so that the thirsty soul underground might share the liquor drunk to its memory upon earth.

To those happy travellers, however, who need not trust to their imagination, but can visit Pompeii itself at their leisure, this book will be one of the best guides, enabling them not only to see but to understand, while as a work of reference for students, it deserves a place in any considerable library. But in this latter respect it has two defects which might usefully be remedied, for Prof. Mau could easily add to his work a *conspectus* of the previous authorities on the subject, and also a large number of illustrative passages from classical literature which would lend a living interest to the careful, but rather dry, archæological details which he now furnishes. The picture, for example, of "The Sacrifice of Iphigenia" (p. 313), would appeal to many readers more if they were referred more carefully to the passage in which the greatest of Roman orators draws from the *veiled* face of Agamemnon a warning against exaggerated expression of emotion in rhetoric, and compares it with the artist's dignified restraint—*quoniam summum illum luctum penicillo non posset imitari* (Or. 22, 74). The figures of the Penates, which are often found in Pompeii over the *kitchen* hearth, were evidently in Virgil's mind when he describes the "fifty maids," who prepared her feast for Dido, as "honouring the Penates with flames" (Æn. 1, 704), and the passage should be quoted in connection with them. Or, lastly, the beautiful tomb of Nævoleia Tyche, with its "relief of a ship entering port," which is depicted on p. 415, would gain a higher and more real beauty if it were associated with the pathetic words of the aged Latinus (Æn. 7, 598):

Omnisque in limine portus
Funere felici spolior.

If Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck had possessed the treasures which Professor Mau describes, what a romance he would have woven out of them; and, despite his weaknesses, one may wish that modern archæologists had more of the spirit of Scott's "Antiquary."

T. E. PAGE.

GEORGE ALLEN.

From the portrait by Fred Yates. Reproduced by kind permission. Mr. George Allen, whose name has for so many years been connected with the work of Ruskin, first came into connection with the Professor by his work as an engraver and afterwards as a pupil at his Working Men's College. The first work which was issued by Mr. Allen was the small pamphlet, "Fors Clavigera," in 1871. The book was not advertised, and no arrangements were made for its sale by booksellers. Sevenpence a copy carriage paid, with no discount and no abatement for a quantity, were the terms. Interesting particulars of Ruskin's arrangements with regard to the production and trade prices of his books and as to the success of his plan will be found in Mr. E. T. Cook's "Studies in Ruskin" (George Allen). "It was in his quality of author that Ruskin ran a-tilt at the bookselling trade, and suffered not a little in pocket from their retaliation. He objected to the whole system of 'discount' as it had already then degenerated. The trade, not unnaturally perhaps, retorted with a very effectual boycott, and Mr. Ruskin had to distribute his books to the public direct from his own special and private publisher, Mr. George Allen, who before had been his engraver. In due time a compromise was effected with the shops; but, curiously enough, the trade boycott seems to have been taken up by the press, which for a long series of years maintained rigorous silence in respect to Mr. Ruskin's newly published works."—*John Ruskin*, by M. H. Spielmann.

THE FIRST AMERICAN.*

Here is a page torn out of Plutarch, but by some freak of Providence written in American dialect, not in the language of divine Hellas. The latter-day Englishman knows hardly more of Lincoln than his name; the Englishman of thirty-eight years ago despised him as a "mean white" who broke up the Union, because he was bent on carrying abolition—which to Lord Hartington and the *Times* appeared a ridiculous enterprise. And now Lincoln stands above these clouds of hate or prejudice, with Lowell's inscription, "First of Americans," to tell us what manner of man he was. It is one of the compensations of middle age to look back, as the present reviewer can, and feel that in his own judgment of the great President there has been nothing to alter, only a lifelong admiration to increase and deepen. I welcome Mr. Hapgood's ingenuous and direct story and wish it Godspeed. Although it aims neither at classic finish,—too much the contrary indeed,—nor at the fulness of narration which is common just now in biography, it has life, movement, sparkle, and unflagging interest. The whole thing can be read in a couple of hours, so lightly does it run; but I should hope it would not be forgotten sooner than the story of Coriolanus or Timoleon. It has a smack of both in its large manliness and unaffected humour; but the end of all, which is perhaps what Europeans know best about Lincoln, takes us up to sacred heights, beyond the Greek and Roman. While, therefore, a perfect piece of writing is not to be looked for here, we shall hardly find one more striking in the libraries that have been published on the War of Liberation. In a very admirable sense it is popular; and, if it canonizes Lincoln, it brings out the good and bad of Democratic

* "Abraham Lincoln, the Man of the People." By Norman Hapgood. (New York and London: Macmillan.)

institutions with a clearness that sets them in a promising, nay, in a cheerful light.

I think there is somewhere in Lombroso a sketch,—but I cannot now hunt up the reference,—of Abraham Lincoln as illustrating the relation between genius, insanity, and disease. If not, there well might be one. His father was a ne'er do well, almost a tramp, though calling himself a pioneer in Illinois,—lazy, shiftless, improvident. His mother, who died young, is described as "an illegitimate child, sensitive, melancholy, brooding, frail, with native refinement and delicate instincts." Tom Lincoln, says Mr. Hapgood, was now and then "taken with spasms of religion"; his son Abraham fell into unbelief, but never ceased to be superstitious, and guided his life by dreams of a vivid sort which Plutarch would have seized upon ecstatically. Abraham was also in physique abnormal enough to satisfy all Lombroso's demands on this head,—six feet four inches in height (about the same as Washington, or perhaps an inch or two taller), ugly, gaunt, dark, and unhealthy, yet not often ill. His double personality impressed strangers and friends alike. In one evening, said a French visitor at the White House, Lincoln would change twenty times, as at a sudden stroke, from humorous story-telling to a silence and absent-mindedness that bordered on trance. When he felt most deeply stirred,—or, as Cardinal Gibbons once said to me, when he was "heart-broken" with bad news during the War,—he would launch out into Rabelaisian anecdotes after the manner of Swift. As a young man he was always falling in love; he engaged himself, and got disengaged, at least three times; he married the wrong woman (but that was not altogether a mark of genius), and he left his heart, so he used to say, in the grave of another—Ann Rutledge, "the loveliest and most lovable woman in New Salem,"—whose brief story is a touching romance.

The same desperate inequalities attach to his intellect, which ranged from a power not less than supreme to a vulgarity untinctured by the smallest refinement. In all that is meant by culture he was utterly wanting; he did not scruple at meeting American politicians with tricks or "dodges" that checkmated them by their own moves; he understood the caucus and "made a deal" with Thurlow Weed; but he kept his hands clean of money, and his "jesuitical policy,"—it is Mr.

JOHN RUSKIN ABOUT 1886.

JOHN RUSKIN, 1880.

From the bust by Sir J. Edgar Boehm, R.A., now in the Ruskin School in the University Galleries. The bust bears the following inscription:—

Hanc
Johannis Ruskin
Hujusce scholae fundatoris
Effigiem
Amici posuerunt
1881

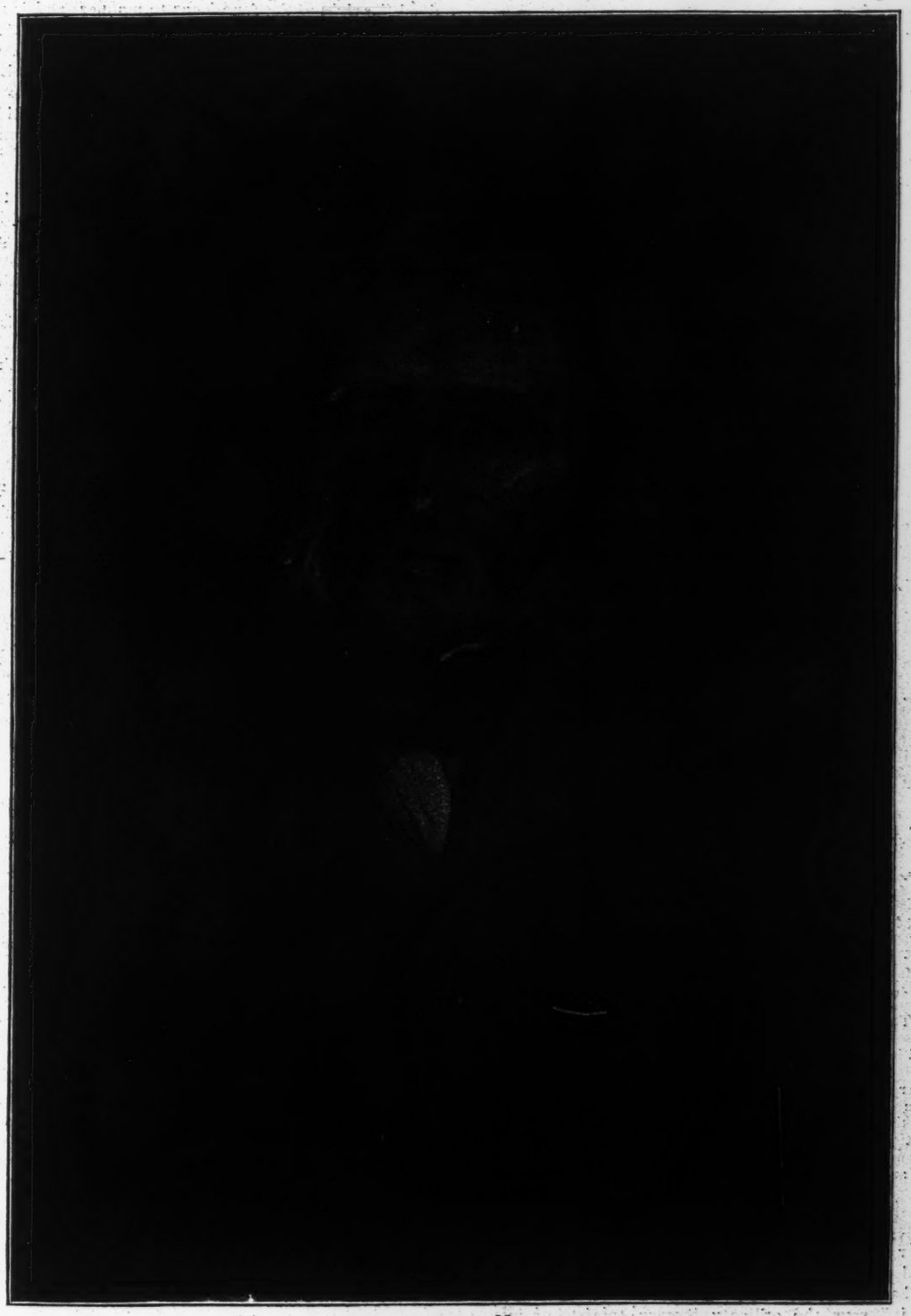
"It is the scholar, the thinker, and the disputant rather than the man that Sir Edgar Boehm shows us."—*John Ruskin*, by M. H. Spielmann.

Hapgood's expression,—was that of a patriot driven to expedients in a national crisis. On the other hand Lincoln, though he had doubts about the Bible and Christian doctrine, was an embarrassment to his cabinet ministers and generals,—nay, at last, to his party,—in consequence of that singular meekness which bore insult and forgave rebellion without any afterthought of vengeance. Never was an insurrection put down like the Confederate rising simply on the battlefield,—no scaffolds erected, no judicial hangings;—a fraternal strife ended in a mighty sense of brotherhood renewed. The Northern Democracy was not vindictive; and, as for Lincoln, he would gladly have held the door open and let Jefferson Davis and the rest of them escape. As long as he dared, it was his endeavour to compensate with some four hundred million dollars the Southern gentlemen who had lost their slaves by emancipation. This was the President whom an insane actor shot dead, crying out on the stage his Virginian motto: "Sic semper tyrannis." A fine tyrant, we say, worthy of the heroic age!

With no reading but the Bible, half a dozen plays of Shakespeare, and Blackstone (but is not that a good deal?) Lincoln wrote two volumes of despatches and correspondence in an English as pure as spring-water, and some immortal pages that have made the round of the world. Every American boy knows the Gettysburg address and the "Second Inaugural" by heart. These will endure by the side of passages not more than equal to them in John Bright's speeches, and amid the splendours and felicities of Burke. What a series of surprises, then, is here! —the eternal miracle of originality, unconscious yet self-confident, sad and humorous, pining for friendship, stooping to find it at a bar with loafers and tosspots, gross in fancy as in

words, but all the while solitary, sensitive, gentle, quick to perceive the most subtle strokes in the management of individuals, of a whole nation, of a language disfigured and brought low on every side, but subduing this rude Westerner as if it were the beauty of a Greek goddess. He perishes in the moment of victory, and when well nigh forty years are past, it becomes more and more evident that he was the only statesman who could build up again the South which he had conquered. To my mind he is far more of a hero than Franklin; and if there must be a worship of saints in the American Union,—as one sees it there in all public places and on Decoration Day,—this is the quaint, pathetic figure whom I should choose.

WILLIAM BARRY.



JOHN RUSKIN, 1881.

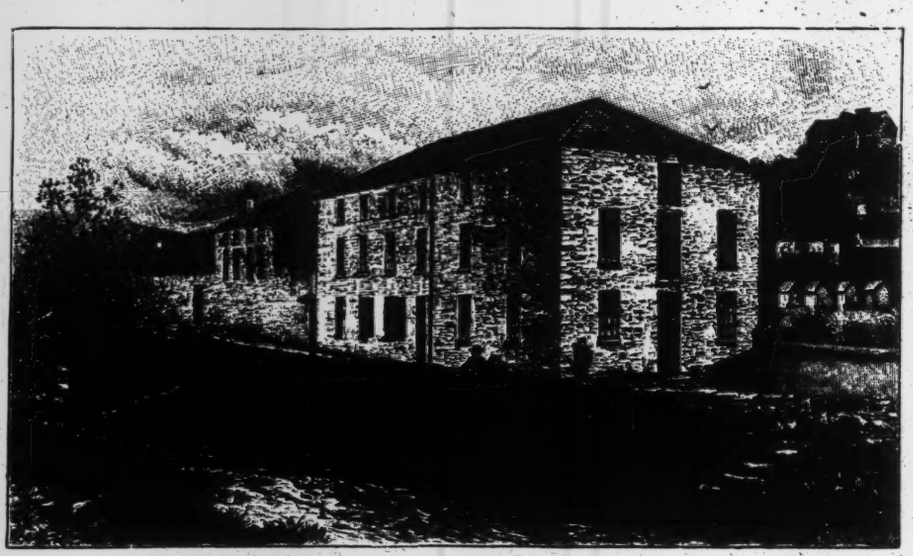
By Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist. "In this likeness, it seems to me, the artist has sought to place upon the face of his predecessor in the Slade Chair all the kindliness which Sir Edgar Boehm omitted, all the cheery gentleness and old-world sweetness of disposition that distinguished him. The Boehm bust shows us something of a misanthrope; the Herkomer portrait places before us the philanthropist, quiet, kindly, and self-possessed. The brow is, perhaps, a little too broad, and the projection of the eyebrows hardly enough insisted upon; but the character of the nose and the quaint, expressive mouth are perfectly rendered."—*John Ruskin*, by M. H. Spielmann.

JANICE MEREDITH.*

We cannot wonder at the great popularity of this book in America. It presents the story of the War of Independence

* "Janice Meredith. A Story of the American Revolution." By Paul Leicester Ford. 6s. (A. Constable.)

in a most picturesque and dignified fashion. It contains innumerable striking pictures of the stand made by the "embattled farmers" and by the king's troops; charming descriptions of colonial interiors, and a large gallery of fine portraits, both colonial and English. Readers on this side will be glad also to hear that it does not deal contemptuously with their ancestors. To the general reader it is more illuminating than most histories of the war, for its intimate glimpses of the public and private life of the time reacting on each other, must give them a sense of reality they do not find in more sober manuals. The amount of reading that has of necessity gone to the making of the book has in no way spoiled it for enjoyment. All Mr. Ford's work tends to lengthiness, but the abundant human interest, the numerous dramatic situations, and the fine workmanship in "Janice Meredith" prevent our wearying at any point. Judged merely as a love story, it is perhaps best of all. Janice, in her early unregenerate days, before she has been made into a woman by suffering, is a delicious child-coquette. Mr. Ford has had several lofty ambitions in this book, doubtless; yet he should be gratified to learn of one minor but rare success, namely, he has made his readers understand why Janice had so many lovers.



First achievement of the St George's Company in Romantic Architecture. J. R. 10th July 1881.

ST. GEORGE'S MILL, LAXEY, ISLE OF MAN (WITH FACSIMILE OF RUSKIN'S INSCRIPTION).

Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. George Allen from "Studies in Ruskin," by E. T. Cook. "The author of 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture' and of 'The Stones of Venice' is justifiably proud of this substantial building, and the photograph of it, with the accompanying legend, from which this sketch is taken, occupies a prominent place among the other art treasures in the drawing-room at Brantwood. The first virtue in any building is that it should be suitable to its purpose, and no one can deny to the Laxey Mill an honest ugliness which exactly suits the home 'of the manufacture of honest thread into honest cloth.' This romantic building is at once a factory and a store. It contains, in the first place, the machinery for carding and spinning the wool and washing the cloth. The word machinery may very probably grate on the ear of the more devout Ruskinian, and I hasten therefore to explain that the motive power is a water-wheel. And it may here be noted, for the consolation of weaker brethren, that the prohibition of machinery by 'St. George' is not absolute. It is not forbidden except where it supersedes healthy bodily exercise or the art and precision or manual labour. It is only steam that is absolutely refused, as being 'a cruel and furious waste of fuel, to do what every stream and breeze are ready to do costlessly.'"—*Studies in Ruskin*, by E. T. Cook.

AMERICA TO-DAY.*

Mr. Archer recently spent two months in America, and he has not tried to make an amusing book out of his experiences. "Since we hadn't time really to study the big country, let's joke about it," says the ordinary literary tourist in a hurry. "Since I didn't take time to see and understand everything, at least let me be civilly serious," says Mr. Archer. And as the supply of cheaply amusing tourist literature is quite large enough, we are in a mood to be grateful to Mr. Archer even if we should find him dull. But he is not dull—though he discourses of New York architecture and American education and manners very soberly, and with much less point than when he is speaking to us of the Scandinavian drama as it is, and our own as it might be.

In one respect Mr. Archer's attitude is admirable, and it accounts, of course, for the lack which the reader only craving amusement will find in it. It is difficult to be sparkling and witty when you are as genuinely polite as he is. For the most part he admired what he saw; and when he didn't he said his opportunities were not full enough for judgment; or he acknowledged the right of the Americans to manners and language and opinions and customs of their own. By dint of agreeing in the main with his hosts, and by emphasising their likenesses to us rather than their differences from us, his book is clearly distinguished from all those written by Europeans on the same subject. He doesn't think New York at all a hideous city. He doesn't think it so noisy and exhausting as London. He thinks the differences between American and English manners microscopic. He doesn't think the family tie is relaxed across the Atlantic. He is of opinion that American hospitality might be a little less extravagant; that the postal system isn't equal to ours; and he hasn't a good word to say for the barbers; otherwise he has no serious criticisms to offer. We have been told again and again that the American child reads in all his early history-books statements and sentiments calculated to make him distrust and despise us. Mr. Archer thinks this has been exaggerated, but in the interests of a better understanding between us he makes a very weighty suggestion. Their history-books "begin American history too late." The young citizen of the Republic should not only learn of Hastings and Runnymead and Bannockburn, of Crecy and Agincourt, and of the building of our cathedrals and the founding of our universities, but should be made to feel he has an ancestral share in these. "Let him realise," says Mr. Archer, "his birthright in the glories of Britain, and he will perhaps come to take a more magnanimous view of her errors and disasters."

His book is divided into two parts—Observations and Reflections. The Observations are more cursory and are generally complimentary. The Reflections are detailed considerations of a few subjects, and are generally defensive, or explanatory. The first of the latter, "North and South," we commend to all those who have been content to accept the rough average notion that the question at stake in the Civil War was the existence of slavery. Mr. Archer's view—not his, of course, in the first place; but few, if any, Englishmen have stated it before him—is briefly this: "The cause of the South was the cause of small against large aggregations." The defeat of the South was just, he holds, because Providence is on the side of the big (social) battalions. Whatever be the value of the opinion, the question is one of great and immediate interest for us as well as for America.

There is one paper in "Reflections" which may undermine some of the effect of Mr. Archer's optimism. He has seen a great many things we have not seen. But when he talks of American literature, we are not at such a disadvantage, for books are sent to us from the other side, and we read them. The country that produced Hawthorne, Emerson, and Poe has reason for high pride. These great men will have heirs. But to boast of the present-day literary achievements, and for proof point to a big batch of "local" novelists, of whom only two or three are more than second rate, according to our

* "America To-day. Observatio ns and Reflections." By William Archer. 6s. (Heinemann.)

From Photo by] RUSKIN IN 1888. [*Barraud.*

standard, is an ill-service to his friends. He has more than two months' knowledge of American books. What is the good of heading an essay "American Literature," and holding no balance between merits and defects? Of homely charm in their fiction there is no lack. But of originality, of robust thought, of fine discrimination there is even a more lamentable absence than our own books show at the present day, and that is saying much. Mr. Archer has given us the excellent and much-needed lesson of courtesy and respect to Americans and their ways, and given it in excellent temper. We may accept it in the same spirit, while keeping the right to a cool judgment on matters within our observation, and while maintaining as high a standard for Transatlantic literature as we apply to our own.

PROFESSOR RAMSAY'S "GALATIANS."*

By this new work Professor Ramsay has greatly increased the obligation under which he has already laid all students of the New Testament. There are many commentaries on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians already in existence; yet in this large volume of nearly five hundred pages there is no repetition of what has previously been said by others, and little or nothing that is not serviceable for the understanding of the Epistle. One half of the volume consists of a full account, ethnographical, historical, and religious, of Galatia and its principal cities. Here there is collected and interpreted a mass of material which fills the empty name "Galatia" with contents as real and visible as are covered by "Canada" or "South Africa." Professor Ramsay's imagination saves him from communicating knowledge in a dry-as-dust manner; it vitalises whatever it touches. And in none of his writings has this faculty been more apparent or more fruitful than in this. In carrying over his historical method to the interpretation of the Epistle, he places his reader as nearly as possible in the actual point of view of the writer. No doubt previous commentators have attempted to achieve this, but Professor Ramsay's is the first work that shows us the real meaning of "A historical commentary." It may without extravagance be looked upon as introducing a new style of treating the books of the New Testament. Several of his particular findings will be disputed, but his application of the historical circumstances to the interpretation of the Epistle is so much more thorough and penetrating than we have been accustomed to, that he may truly be said to lead the way to a new method of exegesis. In its own department and for its own purposes it is supreme, and all who are interested in New Testament study, as well as all who know how to value scholarly work which really advances knowledge, will do what they can to promote the circulation of so eminently scientific a contribution.

* "A Historical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians." By W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L. 12s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

CARLYON SAHIB.*

"The version here published," says Mr. Murray, in his preface, "is not exactly that which was acted, though it is much nearer to the acted version than to the original play." "Carlyon Sahib" has been subjected to rigorous treatment both by the author and the actor-manager with the blue pencil. Probably it is all the better for it. But the blue pencil could not erase the one great fault. Not all London playgoers took advantage of the opportunity afforded them at the Princess's, Kennington, last year, and so the plot of the drama may not be widely known. Briefly, and roughly, it is something like this: Sir David Carlyon, once Chief Commissioner in Rajpur, and Political Agent in Bhojal, a man of power and ambition, is by nature Napoleonically unscrupulous. He has done dark deeds—for the Empire, and for the cause of civilisation. His daughter's lover goes out to Bhojal to study dialects and native history. As he is an extremely honest man, he will report faithfully the truth he finds, no matter how many Carlyons are ruined in their reputations thereby. The great man knows that Adene, the young enthusiast, is likely to find out the evil

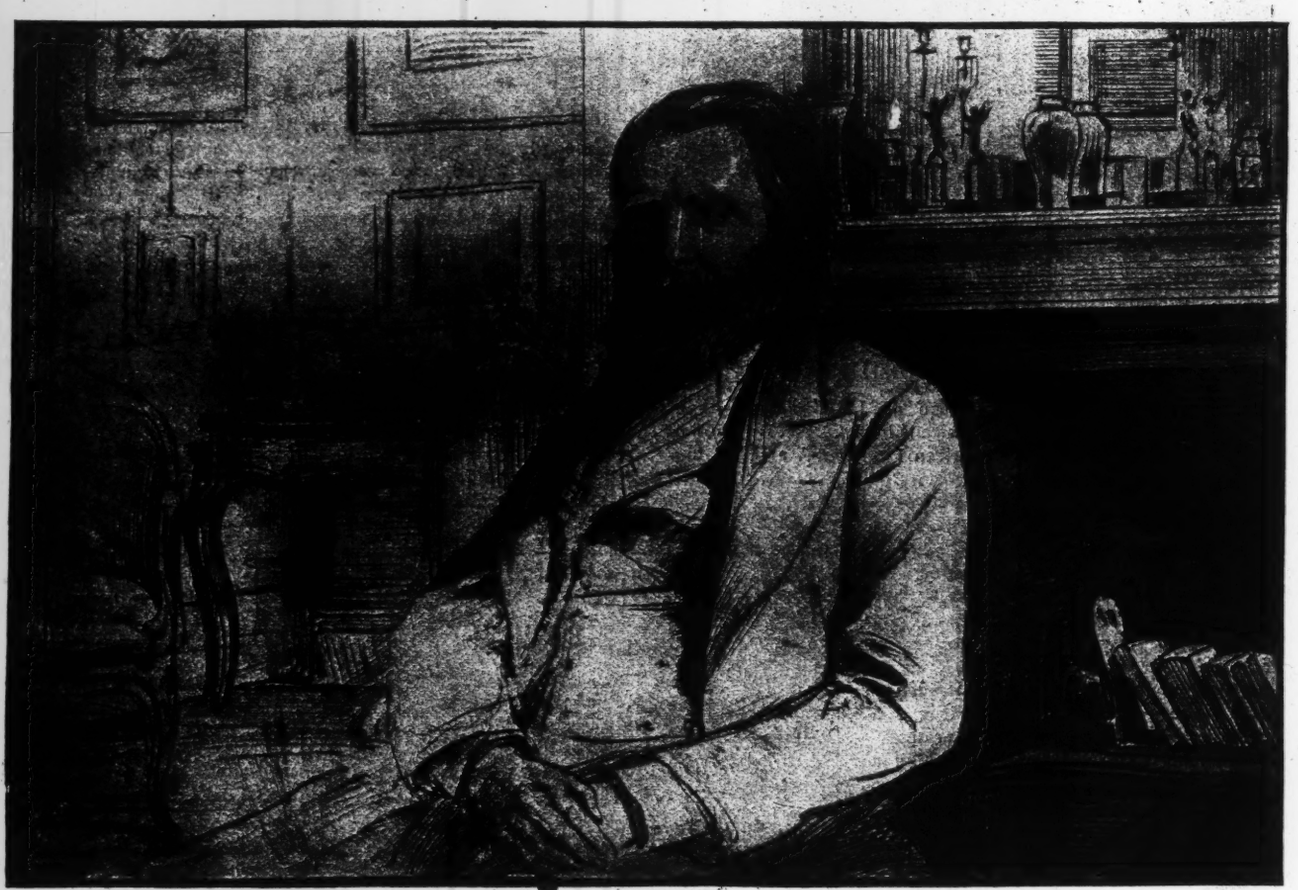
MEERSBROOK HALL.

Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. George Allen from "Studies in Ruskin," by E. T. Cook. The new home of the Ruskin Museum, opened in 1890 by the Earl of Carlisle. "This beautiful museum, placed by deed under the joint control and management of the Trustees of the St. George's Guild and of the Corporation, contains a large collection of works of fine art, rare and exquisite books, Venetian casts, missals, splendid examples from his own stores of mineralogy and natural history—all selected with thorough knowledge and purposeful care by 'The Master' himself."—*John Ruskin*, by M. H. Spielmann.

* "Carlyon Sahib. A Drama in Four Acts." By Gilbert Murray. 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

story, but he knows, too, that Adene is dying, and coolly lets him go, being assured he will not come home again. So far the situation is simple and interesting. Then it becomes needlessly complicated. A cure for Adene's malady is found. Reinhardt, a specialist, rushes out to remotest India to operate on the young man, and reaches him, in spite of Carlyon's machinations. Reinhardt has for assistant Carlyon's daughter, Vera, a medical student. She has been permitted, even ordered, to go by Carlyon, who trusts her to prevent the worst—by means worthy of her father's daughter. When the cure is imminent, and Vera and Adene have met, Carlyon suddenly appears on the scene; and you feel with such a man anything may happen, and all the virtuous people and the truth, too, be ground in a moment under foot. But Adene's guide, Selim, who happens to have been a witness of Carlyon's worst crime, puts an end to the Napoleonic career by a poisoned dagger.

The rushing up of so many persons to remote Bhojal, and the story of Vera and the ophthalmoscope and the discovery of the glioma, produce rather artificial complications. That the word of a native should endanger a great reputation like Carlyon's is extremely improbable. But it is a more vital fault we have to find with the play. Mr. Murray has muddled the personality of Carlyon; has made it even ridiculous. It is just conceivable that a man, for great public ends, should do a diabolical deed. And to a select few he might boast of it. But this one is never allowed to put off his villain's black cloak, not even in private life. His *rôle* of Incarnate Will is too consistently played for human possibility, for human interest. He not only disperses hostile tribes by spreading cholera, but he coolly drowns his own child, who has come into the world inconveniently. He never relaxes as any other human combination of Napoleon, Burton, Rhodes, Bismarck, and the British Lion would do; but must have his white womenkind as well as black natives cowering before him. And here comes another blot on the piece. Elizabeth's grovelling we can understand. She is a weak, selfless fool, and would die of neglect unless she were trampled on. But when we are told that Vera, his daughter, a girl of quick understanding, of high moral perceptions, of trained scientific habits, and of independent mind, does not immediately revolt at her father's cold-blooded tale, we are not the more impressed by Carlyon's will, but only disgusted. The failures in the play are serious failures. Carlyon is not a heroic impersonation of the Imperial idea, not even a fine warning, not a man at all, but a bogey. Mr. Murray's is a serious play, with a meaning in it, and excellent workmanship. So far it is hopeful and promising. But though in his revision he may have refined on his original conception, his central personage is still far too crudely untrue to human probabilities.



JOHN RUSKIN, 1884.

From the pencil drawing by Mr. Blake Wirgman. Reproduced by kind permission of the Proprietors of the *Graphic* and of Mr. M. H. Spielmann, the owner of the drawing. "In consenting to sit to Mr. Blake Wirgman, the Professor wrote: 'I'll have this portrait different from any that have been yet—only I always fall asleep in a quarter of an hour, so everything in the way of expression must be got, tell the artist, in ten minutes.' Soon after this alarming notification the first sitting took place at Denmark Hill, Ruskin pointing out the particular view the artist was to take; and the second in Sir E. Burne-Jones's studio. When the drawing was finished and the background worked up from the study at Denmark Hill, Ruskin put a few finishing touches to it himself—touches having chiefly reference to the hair and eyebrows, about which he was very particular."—*John Ruskin*, by M. H. Spielmann.

NOVEL NOTES.

THROUGH FIRE TO FORTUNE. By Mrs. Alexander. 6s. (Unwin.)

Through *fire* to fortune is just where Mrs. Alexander's heroine did not go: in fact, she had quite a knack of keeping outside when trouble was brewing. She was called Cara Leigh—to begin with; afterwards she was "Miss Clarisse Fitzalan," because her patroness considered that a "nice, unpretentious name"—she was most winsome and attractive, Mrs. Alexander tells us; and she possessed that most important of modern virtues—resourcefulness. Perhaps it might have been better for her had her nerves been stronger when the lover she did not like put in an appearance: the sight of him really did send her "all to pieces." But had she been

JOHN RUSKIN, 1885.

From a photograph by Barraud. "This photograph," says Mr. Spielmann, "was taken when Ruskin was in one of his more frivolous moods. Young ladies and professional beauties, he said, were taken beneath palm branches or leaning against a tree, and for that playful reason he selected the pose."—*John Ruskin*, by M. H. Spielmann.

stronger-nerved she might have been less attractive; one never knows. Things went well with Cara, undoubtedly; she became a popular actress without any backhanded blows from Fate—went straight to success in a most enviable manner, and we can see plainly that she deserved it all, too; she was such a good girl. There was something else in store for her, which is a secret till near the end, so it shall not be mentioned here. Cara's weakest point seems to have been "conversation"; she was lamentably stilted, especially when with the man she loves; but, of course, emotion does play mean tricks with the tongue very often, and what we miss in Cara we find well developed in Mrs. Bligh, the old, superannuated actress, who becomes Cara's mistress, teacher, guide, and friend. Mrs. Alexander's story is cheerful and pleasant, and will probably be a favourite at the libraries.

LAO-TI THE CELESTIAL. By M. Bird. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

In this Chinese story the local colour and detail are probably the result of a first-hand acquaintance with the country. At least, there is no vagueness or glaring inaccuracy of circumstance to suggest mere "faking." But with all its strangeness the interest beneath the surface is as much Western as Eastern. To bring this about, Miss Bird has had to make her hero a thinker, a man who has examined systems—not from intellectual curiosity, but for their spiritual sustenance—and who has travelled something beyond any of those he knows, into the region where Eastern and Western minds can feel at least partial sympathy in contact. Yet though it is the story of a wise man, it is that of a wise man in practical life—and this is the saving of it as a work of fiction—whose wisdom is reached through sin and struggle. He will hardly commend himself throughout to the reader whose imagination cannot outstep the canons of our own romance. He loves as passionately as any European; but he does not seize the chance of happiness, when it comes, so blithely. Pious traditions and grim superstitions stand in the way. His ideals are different, and his piety to his ancestors—an almost non-existent sentiment among us—drives him to a cruelty revolting to our souls. The cruelty, however, being in pursuance of a holy vengeance, does not corrupt his nature, and exile, sorrow, sin, expiation being passed, and much experience gained, he is beginning a new period of enterprise and domesticity when we leave him. Miss Bird's book is original and imaginative. The matter is good enough to justify her ambitious style.

ONORA. By Rosa Mulholland. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Lady Gilbert has a rare talent for writing the simple story of Irish peasant family life. What in other hands would turn out the conventional Catholic Sunday-school prize-book, is touched with poetry, vivified by actual personal observation and local knowledge, and dignified by a careful literary style. "Onora" has not the strong human interest of its predecessor "Nanno." But, on the whole, it is pleasanter, more varied in scene and character, and more likely to be popular. Peasant and priest, farmer's wife and poet in fustian, are brought before us just as they are seen by kindly and indulgent eyes. The dark side of the picture is almost entirely omitted. At least, the misery seems the least real circumstance. But need we always clamour for gloom?

A DAUGHTER OF THE MARIONIS. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

When one rival talks in this fashion, "Swear to leave this island before daybreak to-morrow, or your blood shall stain its shores. By the unbroken and sacred oath of a Marioni, I swear it!" and his rival calls his eloquence "bally rot," you know what to expect. You are assured that the girl, if she be worth her salt, will reject the fluent, dark-blooded, base southerner, and flee to the arms of the inarticulate and gallant Englishman. You cannot be disappointed in "A Daughter of the Marionis," save in an excess of entertainment. Romance was never higher-flown; the advantages of belonging to the English

JOHN RUSKIN, 1886.

From a photograph by Barraud. Ruskin more than once wrote of his appreciation of Messrs. Barraud's photographs. In the letter from which Messrs. Barraud kindly allow us to quote, Ruskin wrote: "We are all much more than pleased with these results of your extreme skill and care. They are the first photographs ever done of me that expressed what good or character there is in me for my own work, and as pure photography they seem to me to go as far as the art can at this day, and I do not believe it ever can do much better. I admit for once, as you have managed to use it, the good of studio light, but some day you must please do one of me in open light for the sake of fair-play to the day and to your own skill.'

nation were never more clearly demonstrated. And we might quote pages and yet give no idea of all the fine language at the author's disposal, and freely used for our delight.

AN OCTAVE. By W. E. Norris. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Norris fully retains his reputation as a most pleasant writer of stories by the last volume he has given us. A more readable and entertaining eight for a spare hour or two it would be hard to find. They are in many moods: gay, pathetic, good-naturedly cynical, and adventurous; and their scenes are laid in many places. The best, we think, are those where the foreign element predominates, such as the delightful "Citizens of the World" and "A Préfet of the Second Empire," where his effects are broad and his touch is light, and which give us some of the stimulus of a brief holiday in a new place.

IN OLD NEW YORK. By Wilson Barrett and Elwyn Barron. 6s. (Macqueen.)

This novel is founded on the play of the same name by the same authors, and it does not seem to have lost anything in the expansion. Save for a few affectations of style, chiefly noticeable in the beginning, the story deserves nothing but praise. It is a bright, vigorous, wholesome romance, with a touch of tragedy in it, not wantonly introduced but springing naturally out of the material. The days when New York was growing prosperous, when English merchants were proving strong rivals to the Dutch ones, yet when the colonial spirit was already born and lusty, were stirring, coloured, and picturesque days, and the authors have had a keen sense for effects of both character and circumstance. We have been agreeably surprised in this romance by an entire absence of the melodramatic and pseudo-sublime which have come to be associated with the name of one of the collaborators.

From a photo by JOHN RUSKIN, 1886. [*Barraud.*

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF BRET HARTE. Collected and Revised by the Author. Vol. X. Tales of Trail and Town. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

The Library Edition of the works of Bret Harte is now complete in ten volumes. The publishers have done their part well, so far as binding and type are concerned, though some readers may regret that none of the excellent illustrations which have adorned the earlier editions appear in the new one. Many reputations have been made and have passed since Bret Harte gave us "The Luck of Roaring Camp"; and hardly one has stood the test of constant production like his. He is now what he was in his early days, a writer of excellent stories, with a sense of fine workmanship which he has never outraged. The present volume contains tales that have already proved their power of giving delight, but mostly of a recent enough date to be still new to many readers.

THE CAMBRIC MASK. By Robert W. Chambers. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Chambers is not a man of one kind of talent. His treasures do not run in one single vein. He is best known as a picturesque historian of the *quartier* and as a suggester of the horrible. "The King in Yellow" produced genuine shudders. Then he has written the serio-comic romance of shaking principalities, and occasionally has dealt with just the common life of men. But this time, in "The Cambric Mask," he is in something like a Bret Hartean humour. He has a chance, in the description of the White Riders and of the Gypsy, of displaying his fine talent for giving us "creeps." But we are never impressed by the power, or even the reality, of these strange personages. Several of his intended effects have missed; and some of his statements we disbelieve. The heroine, who lives alone in a shanty on the wild with a drunken, degraded father, who knows all his degradation, who is surrounded by plotters, with designs against herself and her father and her lover, and who is ignorant of none of the evil about her—this girl he makes an elegant, well-conditioned, light-hearted, at least light-spoken young woman. Bret Harte would have made us care for her more by showing the marks of her hard fate on her—these enhancing, not destroying her beauty. But otherwise the story is good, and it has a most original setting and much original circumstance.

THE LOST CONTINENT. By Cutcliffe Hyne. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

So many are learning the trick now of reconstructing vanished empires and lost continents that their stories are likely soon to be a glut in the market. Till that moment comes, however, when the public will have no more of them, Mr. Hyne's new ingenious tale should have some vogue. The lost continent is Atlantis, the hero of the romance is none less than Deucalion, whom the Greeks put into their mythology as the man who escaped from the flood, but who we now learn was an Atlantean, and once viceroy in the colony of Yucatan. He had so many adventures after he returned to his native continent, amorous and otherwise, and had so grim a hold on life in the general swamping of everything, that no wonder he wrote down the record of his later career, when at last he found leisure in the ark. This record, discovered by the physical daring of a young English tourist in the Grand Canary, and deciphered and translated by an English savant, Mr. Hyne presents to us with due gravity. We must compliment him on the ingenuity of his invention.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

JOHN RUSKIN. By M. H. Spielmann. 5s. (Cassell and Co.)

Mr. Spielmann has written an admirable and altogether delightful book. Very wisely he has not attempted any elaborate biography, or bibliography, or critical estimate, but has been content to offer a personal impression of Ruskin the man and Ruskin's work. As an introduction to the study of Ruskin Mr. Spielmann's "sketch" is really invaluable, for in a few pages he succeeds in conveying a remarkably complete and accurate picture of the life and work and opinions of the "Sage of Coniston." Those, too, who know their Collingwood and White and Cook will find much to interest them in Mr. Spielmann's book, especially his pictures of the home life at Coniston which he draws from personal knowledge, and the new letters of remarkable interest which he gives in his chapters on Cruickshank and Brantwood. The chapter on the portraits of Mr. Ruskin is particularly valuable, and we have ventured to quote considerably from it in the present issue. At the end of the volume is printed the article on "The Black Arts," which Mr. Ruskin contributed to the *Magazine of Art*, and which has not hitherto been available for the general reader.

JOHN RUSKIN, 1893.

Photograph by Hills and Saunders from a plate by Miss S. A. Acland. This photograph was taken in 1893 by Miss Acland, who was staying with her father, Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, at Brantwood. The spot chosen was just outside the front door.

THE REVELATION OF JESUS: A Study of the Primary Sources of Christianity. By George Holley Gilbert, Ph.D., D.D., Professor of New Testament Literature in Chicago. (Macmillan and Co.)

Professor Gilbert is already favourably known in this country by his very useful handbooks, "The Student's Life of Jesus" and "The Student's Life of Paul." The present volume penetrates more deeply into the substance of the Christian revelation. It may be said to be a study of the most essential portions of the teaching of Jesus, the new revelation of God which He made, His conception of the kingdom of God, and His utterances regarding His own person and work as Messiah. Much as has already been written on these subjects, let no student or lay reader suppose he knows all about the Gospel teaching, if he has not read Dr. Gilbert's contribution. There is much brought before the mind in this moderately sized volume which will not be found in the larger and more ambitious books on the subject. Dr. Gilbert is quite independent in his thinking and remarkably unbiassed in his interpretation of our Lord's words. His conclusions frequently jar with traditional conceptions, but will for the most part be accepted by the candid. He does not think that in any of His recorded utterances our Lord claimed pre-existence; neither does he find any expiatory allusion in anything our Lord said regarding His death. In his interpretation of the title "Son of God," is there not some inconsistency between p. 180 and p. 188, or have we misunderstood the author's meaning?

THE MIRAGE OF TWO BURIED CITIES. By John Fletcher Thorne, M.D., F.R.S.E. (Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Ld.)

Under a not quite felicitous title, Dr. Thorne presents us with a popular account of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and of the ancient life which once hummed in these long-silent cities. He makes no claim to originality of research, but the material which has already been published in various forms he builds into an interesting structure. After giving a brief account of the destruction and rediscovery of the cities, he enters upon a full and spirited description of the architecture and domestic life of the Pompeians, their professions and handicrafts, their social life, literature, art, and amusements, their religion, their marriages, death and burial rites. And while, no doubt, the substance of Dr. Thorne's chapters may be found in handbooks of Roman Antiquities, or accounts of these cities by original excavators and scholars, we welcome a book which puts a large mass of information in an unusually pleasant form. The reproduced photographs enhance the value of the book.

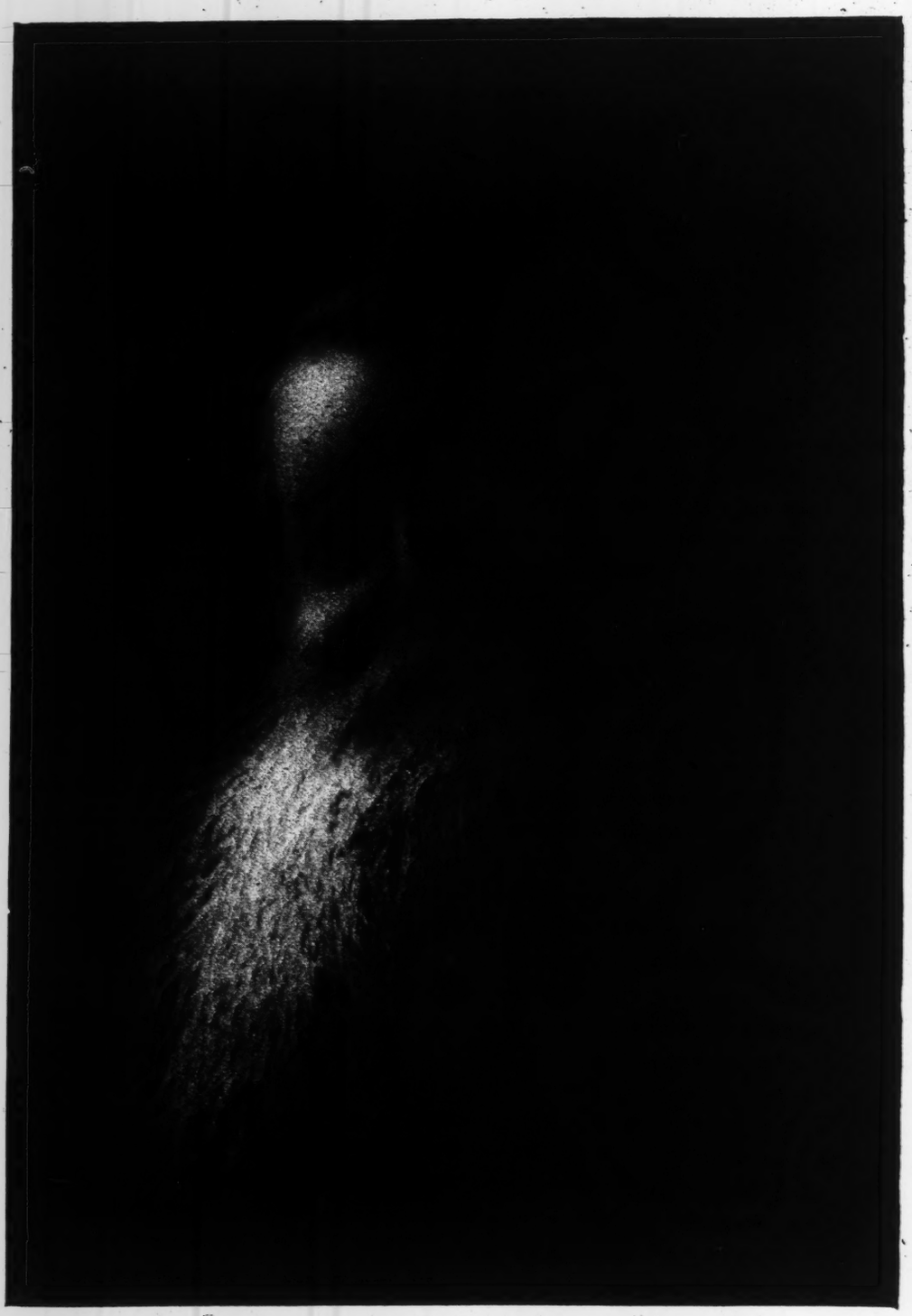
LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A LONG EPISCOPATE. Being Reminiscences and Recollections of the Rev. Henry Benjamin Whipple, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Minnesota. (The Macmillan Co.)

Bishop Whipple was well advised when he wrote down and published his reminiscences. They not only introduce us to a man of endless resource and constancy of purpose, courage, and quick-wittedness, but to a condition of things and to scenes which are novel and not sufficiently reckoned with. For forty years Dr. Whipple has been Bishop of Minnesota. From the first it was to the Indians his energies were chiefly given, and although the Sioux massacre, which occurred shortly after his consecration, greatly retarded his work and deprived him of his countrymen's sympathy, he has the satisfaction of finding his reward to-day. Among the Indians there are now over 23,000 communicants of churches, and nearly 39,000 who can read. In 1897 there were among them 268 more births than deaths. No wonder that the Bishop declares himself an optimist. The volume overflows with racy anecdotes, clever repartees, and interesting letters and conversations. The illustrations show how quickly a surplice and Christian education civilize and refine the Indian. We can cordially recommend Bishop Whipple's book.

EIGHTEEN YEARS IN THE KHYBER. By Col. Sir Robert Warburton, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. 16s. (Murray.)

This straight record of good work is told as one would expect it to be told by a man who had achieved it. In these pages the value and importance of Sir Robert Warburton's life in the Khyber is impressed on the reader by the sheer weight of facts and circumstances; there is no flourish of trumpets to attract attention and force the knowledge home. But above

and beyond the interest of the volume as an account of a difficult task achieved, there is the unconsciously self-revealed picture of a man of admirable tact and immense force doing his duty to the utmost. The guardianship of the Khyber Pass being stationed in it beyond Jamrud; and when he gave over charge, it was as safe a highway as any in India. In this volume he tells the details of that eighteen years' work—the training of the tribesmen from savages to good soldiers, the



JOHN RUSKIN, 1897.

From a photograph by Mr. J. McClelland, Liscard. This is probably the last portrait of Ruskin. It was taken in July, 1897, and shows Ruskin seated in his accustomed chair beside his study table, a strong light from the nearer window falling upon his face. Knowing his decided objection to anything unnatural, writes Mr. McClelland, no artificial means of lighting the darker side of the face was adopted, so that although the result hardly does full justice to the face or to the magnificent blue eyes of the Master, it is a true picture of him in his later years as he sat in his study.

could have been entrusted only to a man of uncommon ability. Sir Robert accepted the post cheerfully; and, as we learn, that once-dreaded Pass, in which before there had been absolutely no security for British life, was, during his control, kept open for traffic or travel without a single European soldier or sepoy viceregal visits, the ups and downs of Indian life, etc. No one can say that that work was wasted, but the loss of the Pass after such faithful guardianship was an over-heavy blow, and those who knew him best say, without exaggeration, that it broke Sir Robert Warburton's heart.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

JANUARY 15TH, TO FEBRUARY 15TH, 1900.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BARNES, A. STAPYLTON.—St. Peter in Rome, 21/- Swan Sonnenschein

BUDDE, KARL, D.D.—Religion of Israel to the Exile, 6/-....Putnam

CONDER, Col. C. R.—The Hebrew Tragedy.....Blackwood

DE MARGERIE, A.; Translated by M. Maitland.—St. Francis of Sales, 3/-.....Duckworth

[*This is the eighth volume of "The Saints" series, and is a record of the life, work, and character of this comparatively modern saint. It is written in a popular style, but with sound literary discrimination, and forms a fair picture of this many-sided devotee.*]

FRASER, W. P.—A Cloud of Witnesses, 3/6 .....Wells Gardner

[*The present volume is the first of the third series; it deals with Arianism, and St. Athanasius is the witness here treated of. The author gives us an interesting word picture of the saint, and the times in which he lived. The two introductory chapters deal entirely with Arianism and Arius himself, and are written with a real enthusiasm for the Church here defended.*]

GASQUOINE, C. P.—Scientific Theology, 1/- .....Watts

[*A carefully-written, honestly stated, and deeply thought out reply to popular "Evangelicalism."*]

HOGG, QUINTIN.—The Story of Peter, 5/-.....Horace Marshall

[*A collection of addresses delivered to young men at the Polytechnic Institute, Regent Street. They deal with the life and teachings of the apostle Peter, and are forceful and suggestive. There is a good portrait of the author as a frontispiece.*]

LONDON, The Bishop of, Bishop Barry, and other writers. Edited by the Rev. H. M. Gwatkin.—The Church Past and Present, 7/6 net ..... Nisbet

MASTERMAN, C. F. G.—Tennyson as a Religious Teacher, 6/- Methuen

ROBERTSON, J. D.—The Holy Spirit and Christian Service, 5/- Hodder

ROBINSON, J. A.—Holy Ground. Three Sermons on the War in South Africa, 1/- net.....Macmillan

[*The sermons preached in Westminster Abbey in November and January last. Many will be glad to read for themselves the direct and sympathetic words of Canon Robinson, and also to possess the form of the Intercession Service used in the Abbey, and here reprinted as an Appendix.*]

ROYCE, JOSIAH.—The World and the Individual, 12/6 net..Macmillan

SAVAGE, M. J., D.D.—Life Beyond Death, 6/- ..... Putnam

SAYCE, Rev. A. H.—Babylonians and Assyrians, 5/- net ....Nimmo

STIRLING, J. H.—What *is* Thought? 10/6.....T. & T. Clark

WHIPPLE, Right Rev. HENRY BENJAMIN.—Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate, 17/-.....Macmillan

[*See p.* 193.]

NEW EDITION.

Holy Bible, Young Scholars' Edition. With illustrations selected and described by W. H. Rylands, F.S.A., 2/- Eyre & Spottiswoode

[*If the Young Scholar reads the introduction to this, his own especial Bible, possibly all that the publishers and Mr. Rylands hope from these illustrations may come to pass. But Young Scholars have a way of shirking anything like an Introduction, and in such a case the effect of these pictures is likely to be quite paralysing. All one's pet notions of toiling, down-trodden brick-makers of Egypt; of inspired musicians, of triumphant dancers, of wonderful galleys toiling through the waters, of the desperate fighters—the Hittites, the Amorites, the Philistines—all these and a score more are here shattered completely, and in their stead are given angular, archaic, futile-looking figures scratched on stones. We hope the Young Scholars will do all that is wished of them; but we should not have liked it ourselves, and we doubt whether the publishers or Mr. Rylands would, some years ago.*]

FICTION.

ALEXANDER, Mrs.—Through Fire to Fortune, 6/- ..... Unwin

[*See p.* 190.]

BARRETT, WILSON, and BARON, ELWYN—In Old New York, 6/- Macqueen

[*See p.* 192.]

BEARD, W. LE C.—Sand and Cactus, 6/- ..... Unwin

BEDE, JOHN.—Narcissus, 5/-.....Elliot Stock

[*Yet another novel with Ritualism for its main theme. Here, however, in addition to hard blows, are a picturesque setting, a certain strength in words, and a sincerity of purpose. Mere justice, we suppose, forces the author to kill off the worst offenders.*]

BIRD, M.—Lao-Ti the Celestial, 3/6.....Hutchinson

[*See p.* 191.]

CANNYAN, M. J.—Ben Comee, 6/-.....Macmillan

[*This is called "a tale of Rogers's Rangers, 1758-9," but is more of the nature of a gossip about that period. As a "tale" the book lacks style and cohesion. It is discursive, yet telegraphic. The setting is picturesque, however, and the writing improves somewhat as it goes forward.*]

C. H.—The "Lettre de Cachet," and Other Stories, 3/6.....Digby

[*There is very real merit in these stories. Some crudities there are, and grammatical slips, but the book contains a promise of better things to come.*]

CHAMBERS, R. W.—The Cambric Mask, 6/-.....Macmillan

[*See p.* 192.]

CHURCHILL, WINSTON SPENCER.—Savrola, 6/- ..... Longmans

DE MONTAGNAC, N.—Negro Nobodies, 2/- ..... Unwin

[*This sixth volume of the Overseas Library shows in a cheerful and sympathetic manner the negroes of Jamaica from a new point of view. Both as truth and as fiction it is interesting.*]

DOUGLASS, ELLSWORTH.—Pharaoh's Broker, 6/- ..... Pearson

DUDENEY, Mrs. H. E.—Folly Corner, 6/-.....Heinemann

FINNEMORE, J.—The Red Men of the Dusk ..... Pearson

GISSING, ALGERNON.—A Secret of the North Sea, 6/-.....Chatto

[*A strong, thoughtful story, written by a capable hand. One almost feels the hurricane and scents the brine through its pages. "The Kittiwake" is an achievement in characterisation.*]

HAMMOND, A.—The Lady Isabel, 2/6 ..... Elliot Stock

[*Tales, such as this, of "social life in the olden time," have been told so often that the affection which comes from long acquaintance goes out to them as we read. We could tell them ourselves almost word for word. The feudal castle, the lovely Lady Isabel, the gallant Sir Gilbert, the wicked baron, the foster-sister, etc.—we've known them all for years! But we resent innovations, we are tenacious of our dear old methods; and when "Griselda" quotes "Men must fight and women must wep," etc. (written, we believe, rather later than feudal times), we are quite shocked.*]

HARTE, BRET.—Tales of Trail and Town, Vol. X. of Complete Works, 6/-..... Chatto

[*See p.* 192.]

HYNE, CUTCLIFFE.—The Lost Continent, 6/- ..... Hutchinson

[*See p.* 192.]

LEWIS, A. W.—London Fairy Tales, 3/ net .....Smithers

["*I have sometimes read books which seem to say on every page, 'If you will read a little further, you will find something very important.' And finally I fancied that it must be written after the last word.*" *There is much truth in this quotation from "London Fairy Tales." This is a book for grown-up persons of a certain temperament. Children must not be deceived.*]

LORIMER, N.—Mirry-Ann, 6/-.....Methuen

MARTIN, DOROTHY.—Father Fox, 5/-.....Elliot Stock

[*A story written on the evils of Ritualism.*]

MORICH, STANTON.—Thou Shalt Not——, 3/6 ..... Pearson

[*A story of extremely sordid and vulgar circumstances, relieved by a tone of good nature and a belief in the growth of decency in bad soil, which is almost inspiriting.*]

MULHOLLAND, ROSA—Onora, 3/6 ..... Richards

[*See p.* 191.]

NORRIS, W. E.—An Octave, 6/- .....Methuen

[*See p.* 192.]

OPPENHEIM, E. P.—A Daughter of the Marionis, 3/6....Ward, Lock

OUIDA—The Waters of Edera, 6/-.....Unwin

PEMBERTON, MAX.—Féo. A Romance, 6/-.....Hodder

RAGOZIN, Z. A.—Frithjof and Roland, 3/6 .....Putnam

[*Two fascinating tales of the heroic ages, full of life and charm, generously illustrated too.*]

ROBINSON, F. W.—Ann Judge, Spinster, 6/- .....Digby

[*Mr. F. W. Robinson may generally be counted on to give us a story in good, long, old-fashioned style; with plenty of incident, numerous characters, and a comfortable ending. In this volume he gives us what we expect from him. The title must not frighten readers. Ann Judge does not remain a spinster for ever; though the troubles and adventures come very thickly on her before she is allowed her great reward.*]

SIMS, G. R.—In London's Heart.

[*Here we have a tale compact with incident, and told with Mr. Sims' well-known facility. Concealed identity and wrongful accusation are the main themes of the book, but we find in it also a Police Sergeant, who goes far towards consoling us for the loss of Sherlock Holmes.*]

SPEIGHT, T. W.—The Chains of Circumstance, 6/- .....Digby

[*An intricate and exciting tale, dealing with murder and the ultimate discovery of the guilty person. One is reminded of Mrs. Henry Wood at times. The illustration might have been more pleasing without losing character.*]

SUTCLIFFE, HALLIWELL—Shameless Wayne, 6/- .....Unwin

TYLOR, LOUIS—Fellow-Wayfarers, 3/6 .....Richards

VANDAM, ALBERT D.—A Court Tragedy .....Chatto

[*The representation of "Othello" at Kulmwald-Dappenfeldt was invariably followed by tragedy in a certain grand-ducal house. Mr. Vandam's book deals with one of these occasions, and makes a very readable and romantic story.*]

VAN ZILE, E. S.—With Sword and Crucifix, 6/-.....Harper

[*A good tale of adventure on the Lower Mississippi in the year of Grace 1682. Most men carry either arms or a crucifix in this book, and naturally there follows some bloodshed. But the author is properly fastidious in his methods.*]

VASE, GILLAN—Under the Linden, 6/- .....Digby

[*A picturesque and pleasant story, giving a fresh, interesting representation of German life.*]

WHITE, PERCY—The Heart of the Dancer, 6/- .....Hutchinson

WINCHESTER, M. E.—Tempest-Tossed, 6/- .....Digby

[*A readable story, aptly named, in which we recognise the facile pen and alert mind which produced "Little King Rannie."*]

NEW EDITIONS.

ADELER, MAX.—Out of the Hurly Burly, 6d.....Ward, Lock

BECKFORD, WILLIAM—The History of the Caliph Vathek, 3/6 Greening

[*A new edition of Beckford's curious and interesting Eastern tale, written more than a century ago, when the author was but in his twentieth year. Mr. Justin Hannaford's introduction, while being appreciative, is very fair and critical. This edition has several illustrations.*]

BRONTE, CHARLOTTE—The Professor, Vol. IV. of Haworth Ed. 6/- Smith, Elder

BROUGHTON, RHODA—Dear Faustina, 2/- .....Macmillan

[*Another edition of Miss Broughton's popular novel. This "Two-shilling Library" is decidedly good.*]

DICKENS, CHARLES—Bleak House. Three vols., 4/6 net .....Dent

DICKENS, CHARLES—Little Dorrit. 3/6 .....Macmillan

[*A reprint of the first edition, with an introduction by Charles Dickens the younger. The type is clear, and the volume contains forty of the original illustrations by Phiz.*]

HOPE, ASCOTT R.—Half-Text History. 3/6 .....A. & C. Black

[*A second edition of Mr. Hope's oddly-titled but delightful school tales.*]

MONTGOMERY, FLORENCE—Transformed, 6/- .....Macmillan

[*A new edition of this tender story, which, if not quite so well known as the author's "Misunderstood," is a very real favourite and will be welcomed again.*]

OLIPHANT, Mrs.—Kirsteen, 2/- .....Macmillan

[*An excellent cheap edition of Mrs. Oliphant's pathetic Scotch tale of "Seventy Years Ago."*]

WARD, Mrs. HUMPHRY—The History of David Grieve, 6d...Newnes
[*This cheap edition is well printed, and forms a wonderful sixpenny-worth.*]
WHYTE-MELVILLE, G. J.—Holmby House, 3/6 .....Ward, Lock

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BALFOUR AND Co.—How to tell the Nationality of Old Violins, 2/6 Balfour & Co.
[*A concise and useful guide to violin collectors, and, indeed, to all who are interested in violins. The distinguishing points are noted, and over forty illustrations are given of features of the English, French, German, Dutch, and Italian schools.*]
BELL, J. J.—Songs of the Hour, 6d. .....Scott's Pictorial Pub. Co.
[*One cuts the last blank page of Mr. Bell's little book of Soldier songs to look for yet another. There are stirring lines between these brown paper covers, and some should be set to swinging music. This poet is undismayed, even optimistic, in the face of things as they seem, and such natures are valuable now.*]
COLERIDGE, S. T.—The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, 5/- Gay and Bird
[*A beautiful edition—beautiful in print and paper, and above all beautifully illustrated. Mr. Herbert Coles' pictures are indeed the finest of their kind we have come across for a long time, and they are reproduced with rarest skill. All concerned are to be congratulated on a most successful production.*]
COUSINS, J. H.—The Voice of One, 2/- net.....Unwin
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[*See p.* 189.]
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[*See p.* 183.]
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[*See p.* 193.]
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[*See p.* 182.]

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Vale Press, any vols. of.
Borrow's Wild Wales, 1862.
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Morley's First Sketch of English Literature, 1894, as new, 3s.
Tennyson's Poems, illustrated by Millais, Hunt, etc., perfect condition (Macmillan), 21s., for 7s. 6d.

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Macmillan: Library of English Classics. 3s. 6d. net each vol.
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Parson Kelly. 6s. (Longmans.)

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Haggard: The Last Boer War. 1s. (Kegan Paul.)
Ackworth: Doxie Dent. 3s. 6d. (C. H. Kelly.)
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